The Nation.

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The Week.

THE country is again confronted with the absurdity of a system under which a Congress that has recently met after a recess of some months takes a fortnight's vacation over the holiday season—accentuated as it is in every "short session" by the fact that there are only three months for work if every day is utilized. There are now pending many important measures which have passed the Senate or the House and await action by the other branch, and there is the overshadowing issue of currency reform pressing for consideration. Yet it is generally taken for granted that the record will show little accomplished on the 4th of March, when this Congress expires by constitutional limitation, beyond the passage of the appropriation bills and some other necessary legislation of the same perfunctory nature. Moreover, it is a discarded and repudiated body which possesses legislative power this winter. Our present Representatives were chosen more than two years ago, and the Democratic majority was rejected by the people last month. Their "mandate" was given in November, 1892, and it was revoked, so far as that is possible, in November, 1894. The result is that the Democratic Representatives who have just been repudiated by their constituents do not feel as though they had a clear commission to do anything. Indeed, some of them hold that they have no right to do anything beyond necessary and perfunctory work. Congressman Pigott of Connecticut takes this position openly. His party, he says, has been defeated overwhelmingly throughout the country, and to his mind a Democratic Representative "has no license and no authority to enact any legislation beyond that absolutely necessary for the economical administration of the Government." Republicans will share this view, just as Democrats four years ago held that their opponents had no right, after the "tidal wave" of November, 1890, to go back to Washington and try to pass the force bill. The whole system is utterly bad, and it ought to be reformed.

Mr. Springer's new currency bill is an improvement on the Carlisle bill, but it contains the two principal defects of that measure, namely, State-bank notes and the 30 per cent. greenback deposit. The latter cannot be considered a banking measure at all. It is simply a method of enabling the Government to get rid of the bother of its legal-tender notes temporarily. It would not serve this purpose unless the banks would consent to take out circulation on those conditions, and we do not think that they would. The State-bank provision is now in such shape that all the banks taking out circulation under it would, at the start, be national banks in everything except the name, but with the difference that if they go wrong after they get started, the comptroller will not be able to pull them up as he can the national banks. This, we need scarcely say, is an important difference.

A very instructive pamphlet on Canadian banknote currency, by L. Carroll Root, has been issued by the Reform Club. The most instructive part of it is a diagram showing how Canadian currency expands and contracts, according to the demands of business, and how inflexible and lifeless ours is. Thus the circulation of Canada, beginning with thirty-one millions in January, 1891, began to rise in August (that is, in the crop-moving season), and reached thirty-seven millions in November, falling to thirty-one millions in April, 1892. In October it was up to thirty-eight millions, and down to thirty-two in January, 1893. This was a regular rise and fall corresponding to business requirements. In the United States, on the other hand, there was no movement either up or down which had any relation to business changes. The currency ran at a dead level, except as it was augmented by the operation of the Sherman silver act, until the panic of 1893 came. Then there was a spasmodic increase of banknotes, but this increase did not become effectual until September, when the money pinch was over. Then the circulation became redundant, but there was no way to retire it. The banks, instead of "issuing" it, as is the practice in Canada, had bought it from the Government at the rate of about 115 cents per dollar. They could not retire it except by a roundabout and dilatory process, the law prohibiting the retirement of more than three millions in the aggregate in any one month, and requiring the deposit of greenbacks, dollar for dollar, for the privilege. Thus, says the pamphlet, "in the United States the extraordinary increase of our circulating medium conjured up by the stringency of 1893, but coming too late to avoid its worst consequences, has continued to the present date, giving the country, just at the time when it needed least currency, by far the largest supply it has ever had, and leaving the banks, in default of even ordinary business demands, to become gorged with such an unheard-of surplus of currency as has never before taxed the wits of financiers or disgraced the currency system of a civilized country."

The paid-up capital of the Canadian banks is sixty-two million dollars, their surplus twenty-seven millions, and their circulation thirty-three millions. The ratio of circulation to capital is 54 per cent., and of circulation to capital and surplus about 38 per cent. Since the business conditions of the two countries are similar, and since the rise and fall of the volume of currency are not hampered in Canada by restrictions, it may be assumed that the proportion of circulation to bank capital which can be kept out in ordinary times in this country, does not exceed 50 per cent. Before the war the proportion was rather less than 50 per cent. Therefore the authorization of the Carlisle bill to the banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of 75 per cent. of their capital would not really enable them to do so if the public demand for their notes were not more than 50 per cent. In other words, a permission to issue $75,000 of notes will not enable a bank to keep out more than $50,000 if the public have no use for them. Hence the elaborate calculations made at the Treasury Department, showing what would be the profit on note issues under the Carlisle plan, fall to the ground, since they are based upon the assumption that the banks can at all times keep out circulation to the amount of 75 per cent. of their capital. There is no ground for this assumption in the experience of any country where specie payments are maintained and where banking is not a monopoly.

The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* thinks that it is not safe to assume that the number of bank failures in the last thirty-one years can be taken as a sound basis for estimating the number in the next thirty-one years if the Baltimore plan should be adopted. A very slight examination ought to teach the contrary, since the only change which the Baltimore plan contemplates relates to the method of securing note issues. Bank failures are produced by two causes, viz., improper loans and defalcations. It is very rarely that a bank fails for any reason that cannot be classed under one or other of these heads. The question then is whether improper loans and defalcations are likely to be more numerous if the note issues are secured by a cash guarantee fund of 5 per cent. and a small tax than by a deposit of Government bonds. One of the main functions of the comptroller's office is to examine banks as to their internal condition from time to time, in order to get wind of improper loans and defalcations. These examinations are not always sufficient to prevent failure, but they are defective only as all human institutions are. Nobody has been able to make a bank-vault that a robber cannot get into if he has time enough to work on it. The Baltimore plan contemplates that the Government shall con-

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tinue, as now, to be responsible for the notes of national banks. The question raised by the Milwaukee *Wisconsin*, therefore, is whether the comptroller's office would be more or less vigilant in making examinations under the Baltimore plan than under the existing system. We think that it would be more vigilant because its responsibilities would be somewhat greater.

Admiral Walker's letter on Hawaiian affairs, made public on Wednesday week, ought to result in his court-martialling for insubordination and conduct unbecoming an officer. Such a mixture of insolence to his superior officer and going out of his way to insult the minister and the Government of a friendly nation, and all on the strength of mere surmise and air-blown rumor, could not be duplicated in naval annals. If our Navy Department were not hopelessly given over to Jingoism, and, from secretary to midshipman, spoiling for a fight, such a flagrant breach of discipline as Admiral Walker has been guilty of, and such eagerness as his to embroil this country in war, would not go unpunished for a day. He coolly confesses that he had received "entirely unqualified" orders to do a certain thing, but concluded not to do it for a while until he had made up his mind what "paramount public interests" required, and even then tells his commanding officer that he is making an egregious blunder, and really ought not to be obeyed at all. These are the ideas of sailor's duty and discipline which go to make up the "new" navy we are all to be so proud of. They are certainly new, and if ever put to the test of an actual sea-fight, would bring the navy professing, or the country tolerating, them into a pretty mess. For the practice of attacking foreign ministers and governments in official communications to the Department, and this without adducing a single fact, there is one precedent. Stevens made a gross and abusive attack on this same British minister in Honolulu, whom Walker now exposes as a dangerous plotter (as "it is currently believed"); but his attack was so outrageous and offensive that the President declined to send it to Congress, and the Republicans, getting a hint as to its nature, were able to keep down their first fierce desire to demand its production. This Stevens letter could still be had if Lodge were to call for it, and we think it is his duty to do so; we cannot too soon know the worst about the depraved character of British emissaries on our Hawaiian frontier.

The admiral's Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum talk, if one could forget how humiliating it is, is extremely ludicrous. With the naïveté of a trained Jingo, he goes back to take up the scent where Harrison and Tracy lost it. He sees, as they saw, that we must somehow get England into the annexation intrigue, or the game is up. They failed most comically to get Great Britain to so much as lift an eyelash in the Hawaiian business, but Walker goes at the thing all over again with great courage and hopefulness. He kept his eye on Minister Wodehouse and the *Champion* like a lynx. Not for an instant did he believe that the British war-ship was going out to take "deep-sea soundings." He knew well enough that the scheme was to get him off the scene, and then he "believed" that the British minister "would seize upon any pretext, however slight, to land the *Champion's* forces"; and where should we be then? It is very well known, observes the sagacious Walker, that "the British are very much in the habit of retaining any foothold once obtained." He forgets that they once had their flag over the Hawaiian Islands, run up by just such a filibustering seaman as he, and that it was ordered down again by the home Government; but, of course, this was ancient history, and there was then no wicked Wodehouse around. Poor Walker, in fact, seems to have had a terrible time of it with British and royalist conspiracies robbing him of sleep, until he got rest by the arrival of the new English minister, "who had no other policy than the policy of his Government." The direful Wodehouse, according to this, had a policy of his own which he was going to force upon the English Government, just as Walker was going to force his policy upon the Washington authorities. All this certainly makes up an "astounding" document, as the Washington despatches gravely call it, and we agree with Lodge that to have had so much good laughing-matter retained "in the dusty pigeon-holes of the Navy Department" would have been a sin and shame.

An interesting constitutional question is raised by the contest which four Populist candidates for Congress in Mississippi at the recent election will make of the seats awarded by the returns to the Democratic nominees. The new Constitution of Mississippi, adopted four years ago, imposes educational and property qualifications for the suffrage, under which the negro vote has been reduced to very small proportions. The act of Congress readmitting Mississippi to the Union in 1870 made certain "fundamental conditions," of which the first and most important was "that the Constitution of Mississippi shall never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen, or class of citizens, of the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized." This was the Constitution of 1869—adopted while the Republicans controlled the State in the reconstruction era—which allowed practically every male citizen to vote. The real question at issue is whether such a condition could constitutionally be imposed. If so, the Union is not composed of States possessing equal rights. New York can restrict the suffrage in any way it chooses, so long as no attempt is made to discriminate "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude"; it can establish an educational qualification, require the possession of a certain amount of property, or make any other test, so long as it applies equally to all races. But Mississippi, according to this theory, must always remain in the same condition as in 1870.

On many subjects that came before the Federation of Labor at its recent convention in Denver there was great division of sentiment, but, on one, entire unanimity prevailed. That was the question of compulsory arbitration, which was condemned without qualification. This action is in line with that taken by all similar gatherings which speak for "Labor." The feeling seems to be universal among workingmen that a system which gave the Government authority to force a man to work against his will, on terms decreed by arbitrators, would be practically a system of slavery. There is quite as much unanimity among employers in the view that it would be practically the confiscation of property if the Government had the right to force them, at the decree of arbitrators, to hire men at wages which they could not afford to pay. So long as the two classes affected remain of their present mind on this subject, it seems like a waste of time to talk about compulsory arbitration.

We recently quoted the testimony of an agricultural journal, the *Farmers' Advocate*, published at Burlington, Vt., that there is no such distress in that region as has been alleged; that, on the contrary, a long drive during the autumn through two counties of Vermont disclosed "absolutely nothing to indicate the existence or the recent passage of anything like 'hard times.'" Equally emphatic testimony is now rendered as to the state of Maine by what must be considered the best authority in the matter, the head of the State Grange. In his address at the recent annual convention he declared that "the present state of agriculture in Maine is one of prosperity, and the outlook for the future is encouraging." Nor did he stop with this general statement. He proceeded to affirm without any qualification that "never were the farmhouses of Maine more comfortable or better furnished and adorned; never were their occupants better fed or better clothed, or surrounded with more of the things that make life pleasant and desirable than at this present time." As for the talk about the decadence of agriculture and its present depression, he has no patience with it, and asserted that "no class of citizens is more independent, none have felt to a less degree the pressure of the hard times brought about by the recent depression in business industries, than the farmers of Maine."

There is substantial agreement among those best qualified to judge that the same

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thing is true of the farmers in the South—that, despite the low price of cotton, they are really better off to-day than at the close of any other year since the war, are less in debt, have more supplies for the winter, and enjoy greater comfort. The situation is not much less favorable at the West, outside those regions which were devastated by droughts and hot winds. Although wheat is lower than ever before, the prices of other things have fallen quite as much, so that 100 bushels of wheat will oftentimes buy more now than twenty years ago, while progress in diversified agriculture has relieved the farmer from his former dependence upon a single crop. It seems perfectly clear, therefore, that agriculture has weathered the business depression better than any other industry; that the farmer can stand "hard times" more easily than any other class of the community. It remains to be seen whether this impressive showing will have any effect upon the public mind in arresting that steady drift from comfort on the farm to distress in the city which has long been an alarming phenomenon.

The Court of Appeals has affirmed the decision of the lower courts imposing a fine of $850 upon the members of the State Canvassing Board of 1891 for disobeying the orders of that court and canvassing the illegal return from Dutchess County. The members of the board were Frank Rice, secretary of state; Edward Wemple, comptroller; Elliot Danforth, treasurer; Charles F. Tabor, attorney-general; and John Bogart, state engineer. They should turn about now and bring suit against Senator Hill to recover the amount of the fine and the legal expenses they have incurred in defending themselves in the courts of the State, for Hill was the instigator of their offence, and used Maynard as his agent in persuading them to commit it. The Court of Appeals, by this decision, puts the final stamp of theft upon the acts of Maynard and Hill in securing control of the State Senate in 1891, and thus closes that disgraceful chapter of State history.

Capt. Schmittberger, who took the bribe from the French Steamship Company, and has been indicted, and would certainly be convicted, has broken down under the entreaties of his wife and made a clean breast of it on Friday. His revelations would be "awful" if they came out of the clear sky. But, given the character of the police commissioners, they are as natural and simple as rain out of a cloud. Schmittberger testified that disorderly houses were allowed to flourish in the "Tenderloin" district, where he was first policeman; that they paid for protection, and that it was understood that the money went to Capt. Williams; that he himself was promoted to roundsman for finding Commissioner Wheeler's dog; that he was promoted to be sergeant without paying any money; that he got about $180 or $190 a month from the steamship companies; that he received $80 a month from a Bohemian Liquor-Dealers' Association, and gave part of it—about $50—to Inspector Williams; that policy-shops were protected at the Sixty-seventh Street station, for which they paid $200 a month each; that liquor-dealers also made payments for protection, of which he gave Williams $200 a month; that the reports sent by him about pool-rooms to headquarters were false; that Williams got from him altogether in that precinct about $1,800; that when, under Superintendent Byrnes's orders, the liquor-dealers were arrested, Jimmy Martin had the officers who made the arrests transferred for "blackmailing the liquor-dealers"; that in the Fifth Precinct, in 1892, he got $200 each from pool-rooms; that he paid $50 a month of this to Inspector McAvoy; that in 1893, at the Forty-seventh Street station, he received $500 to $600 a month from policy shops and disorderly houses; that he reported some disorderly houses to Jimmy Martin, who said he could let them alone till the school was built; that he had, under Martin's direction, to cause an apology to be made to the keeper of a disorderly house in West Fifty-sixth Street, for having disturbed her under a complaint from the neighboring citizens; that he got a letter from Sheehan asking him to allow a gambler to open a house; that in that precinct he paid Inspector McAvoy $175 a month; that McAvoy was "a very religious man," and said he would not take the money without an assurance that it did not come from disorderly houses; that he was transferred as captain to the "Tenderloin" district in December, 1893; that there he got only $200 a month; that he gave money, as a matter of policy, as "a political contribution," to Martin and Sheehan; that he asked Inspector Williams how much it would cost to make one Martens a roundsman, and Williams said $300; that he got the money from Martens and gave it to Williams, and Martens was made a roundsman accordingly; that when Martens was made sergeant, he paid Williams $1,600, and $16,000 when he was made captain; that he thought "the department rotten to the core," and that no man can get promotion in it except through "politics or money," and that he thought Supt. Byrnes an honest man; that he knew nothing against him. The committee then adjourned till Wednesday.

Difficulties are thickening before Lord Rosebery's ministry, and it looks as if resignation or dissolution could not much longer be deferred. On top of severe and unexpected defeats in bye-elections has come the formal demand of the McCarthyites that home rule be given the first place in the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament. Otherwise, Lord Rosebery is informed, he must not count upon Irish votes. The situation is one to call for the highest qualities of leadership. Wherein the premier most grievously falls short of possessing these is unintentionally shown by a French writer, M. Augustin Filon, who writes of him in the December *Fortnightly*. Praise is given to the Englishman by the Frenchman for having "some of our favorite characteristics"; "he does not preach, he never talks through his nose, he exhibits no Puritan cant." These may be very delightful virtues, but nothing can be more certain than that they are a fatal possession for the leader of the Liberal party in England. With its chief strength among the Nonconformists, the direct inheritors of "Puritan cant," accustomed to long years of leadership by a serious-minded man of the highest moral qualities and the most profound religious convictions, it could not, in the nature of the case, be expected to retain its zeal or its discipline under a leader of Gallic qualities. It is evidently not retaining either, and the explanation is to be found as much in a change of commanders as in the change of battlefield.

That Zola's star is on the wane even in France is shown not only by the fact that he did not receive a single vote at the last election to the Academy; the French press, the respectable press, is beginning to weary of him, and to tell him so. What has done more than anything else to provoke the reaction is Zola's unblushing advertising of himself. His Barnumizing antics in London a year ago were pretty hard for self-respecting Frenchmen to endure, but in his late performances at Rome he appears to have both outdone and undone himself. The *Débats* takes him to task for his effrontery in playing off the King of Italy against the Pope, and himself against both and all the world, and applies to him Talleyrand's saying in regard to Napoleon, "What a pity that so great a man should be without breeding!" Rome never saw greater conceit than in Zola's person, says the *Débats*, not even in the person of Tarquinius Superbus. In his talk and ready-made interviews he quietly assumed to be the representative not only of French literature, but of humanity and civilization, of the union of the Latin races, of peace, of the science of the future, and Heaven knows what not. This is too much for the *Débats*. It agrees that the age is one of *réclame*, but the thing can be pushed too far. People get deafened at last by this auctioneer's bellowing. If Zola is so concerned about his standing with posterity, why can't he give his contemporaries a chance to breathe? With Balzac still awaiting his statue, and Musset and so many others, Zola shows uncommon anxiety to see his own set up in his lifetime. To make sure about it, he has gone to work to make it himself.

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GOOD GOVERNMENT ISSUE ENOUGH.

PROF. TAUSSIG has some sound remarks, in his article in the *Political Science Quarterly*, on "good government as an end in itself." "What the American community now needs more than anything else is a bracing and improvement of its political machinery—a general reform, of which civil-service reform is but a part." He says this apropos of the "insinuating use of the offices" made by President Cleveland to secure the passage of the silver-purchase-repeal and the tariff laws. It must be admitted to be an open question whether, parties and politicians being what they are, silver-purchase repeal could have been wrested from an unwilling Congress on any other terms. We have the testimony of a leading Republican Senator that it could not, and that it was God's mercy to the country that Cleveland was in the White House, instead of Harrison, in 1893, to put the bill through the Senate at all hazards. It is obvious that Mr. Cleveland himself was persuaded that the thing could be done in no other way. The great advance which he has since made towards taking offices out of politics is proof enough that he submitted to the abuses of the spoils system as he did last year, only because he felt compelled to do so on patriotic grounds, for the time being.

In this he was but following the example of the father of the spoils system in this country. No one can read Thomas Jefferson's "Anas" without seeing that he was thoroughly convinced that Hamilton and the Federalists were enemies of republican institutions. He sincerely believed that they were monarchists at heart, and that they intended to restore the monarchy. Consequently any weapon was lawful to use against them. To turn them and their adherents out of office was a patriotic duty. Hence we find Jefferson jotting down such entries as this within four days after becoming President:

> "John Lee, collector of Penobscot, a royalist & very violent. To be removed."
> "Mass. Not change the marshal tho' federal, he is moderate and prudent and will be republican."
> "Maine. Davis to be removed as he will not resign. He is violent."

We recur to these well-known facts only to show how true it is that, from the beginning to the present day, the partisan use of offices and the degradation of the civil service have been due to some great "issue" dividing the voters into hostile factions that treat each other not only as enemies but as enemies of the country. How this was inevitably intensified during the war, everybody knows. Some of the most unmitigated scoundrels known to our history helped the Republican party save the country, but made it seem scarcely worth saving by their thievery and insolence in office. The tariff issue followed the rebellion only to inherit from it the same spirit of political proscription. Good men in both parties have been so intent on the issue that they either have not seen, or have felt that they must condone, the shameless traffic in offices that has gone on "for the good of the cause." In short, great political issues have set men to striving madly for the control of the Government by methods and in ways that have brought Government itself into disgrace and contempt, and made its renovation in personnel and operation the first duty of a political party that means to accomplish anything by means of the Government after getting control of it.

It is this condition of affairs that gives the Republican party an immense opportunity. What some of its members deplore as a great calamity—namely, that it is coming back to power without any "issue"—may really be made an unspeakable blessing to it and to the nation as well. Good government itself is issue enough. The only platform necessary is the good old resolution to see to it that the republic take no harm. Administration of the business of the Government as a business is a plank strong enough to hold up any party. Nor would a campaign or an administration on such an issue be humdrum and fail to "fire the popular heart." The popular heart never glows with so genial a fire as when rogues are compelled to drop their official spoil, when useless offices are abolished, and economy and efficiency made the standard of the public service. We have often heard of campaigns of "unparalleled enthusiasm," but it is safe to say that enthusiasm such as "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," or "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine," never saw, would attend the work of a party that set about destroying sinecures, making public servants do a full day's work, and giving a poor man with merit as good a chance in political life as the ignoramus with a "barrel" or the ward ruffian with a "pull."

There can be no doubt that the times are ripe for such a new departure in our politics. The disappearance of other issues has brought this greatest issue of all to the front as never before. The rekindled interest in municipal government, now so conspicuous the country over, is one of the signs of a great change in the popular temper on the subject of a general improvement of our political machinery. The way of the reformer in nation or State or city never lay so straight before him. The departments at Washington are stuffed with drones and supernumeraries. The consular service is almost a sheer waste of the people's money. Protection rampant in the government of Ohio and free trade triumphant in the government of the State of New York have turned over the charitable institutions of the State, with the control of penal establishments and the public service, to bands of harpies and tricksters. With the issue gone that has made the mischief, the mischief should go also. Here is a commanding issue fairly thrusting itself on the Republican party. Here is a "mandate" more imperative than any it ever took from the hands of bosses or paymasters. If it does not heed it, and runs off again after cunningly devised mandates of its own, the sure prospect before it is another such sad awakening as came to it in 1890 and 1892, and a rueful expostulation to the people in the words of the poet:

> "On me no more a mandate lay
> Thou wouldst not have me to obey."

THE IMPORTANCE OF RAILWAY PROSPERITY.

THE discussion of the pooling bill and the annual report of the Interstate-Commerce Commission have directed public attention again to the question of the revenues of our railways, and the relation of those revenues to the general prosperity. The commission, while giving a modified assent to the plan for legalizing railway pools, says that such pooling ought not to be permitted unless something is done for the localities not affected. "It seems clear to us that places not covered by the pooling contract should receive as ample protection in conditional pooling legislation as those which may be directly affected by the pool, and the authority to modify the pooling contract should also extend to roads and facilities which are not directly affected by the contract."

We are not quite sure just what the commissioners mean. Cities or towns situated between pooling points would be directly affected by the short-haul section of the law now in force; if broader questions are referred to, such as the relative rates from Chicago and from New York to points in the Southern States—a burning question at present—then the commission need no more authority than they now have; but in any case at the moment the general question of the solvency of our railways must overshadow any problem which concerns the details of railway tariffs.

It must be conceded by every thoughtful man that the industry of transportation is not receiving the earnings due to it. The statistical report of the commission just issued for the year ending last June shows that after the payment of dividends there was a shortage of $28,000,000. Not only was there a great decrease in traffic, according to the commission's figures, but there was a further decline in rates, so that during the year the sum of money earned on the shares of all the railways in the United States was but half that of the previous year, and that was small compared to the capital. When it is considered that 25 per cent. of our railway companies and of our railway mileage is to-day operated by receivers, while the mercantile failures average about 1 per cent. of the number of persons in business, it must be obvious that transportation is suffering a commercial injustice compared with other trading or manufacturing industries.

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The large amount of capital invested in railway property, and the importance to the community of a fair return upon that investment, make a phase of the question which has often been dwelt upon; but there is a further side to the matter. On the 30th of June, 1893, the number of men employed on the railways of the United States was 873,602. If we estimate that the average family consists of no more than two children, we have about 3,000,000 persons directly dependent upon transportation for their living. The effect of a discharge of even a part of these men, or of a reduction in their wages, is felt immediately in every town and city through which a railroad runs. It is a common complaint among what are called supply-men that the railways are buying little or no materials and are not paying for what they buy. The public do not realize how large a part of the product of our various factories, shops, and mines is dependent for a market directly or indirectly upon transportation. Lack of buying orders for rails, materials, and equipment forms no small factor in the long-continued depression of the iron industry; and so through the whole list. The extreme severity with which the operating expenses of our railways have been cut down may be a source of satisfaction to the holders of bonds or shares, but to the observer whose view takes in the whole industrial situation such radical reduction of expenses means an equally radical reduction in the amount of manufactured goods consumed, and in the labor necessary to produce those goods.

For these various reasons, it is clear that, with the sole exception of agriculture—which has problems of its own to face—there is no single industry whose prosperity so concerns the whole country as that of the railways. One may go further and say that full prosperity cannot be expected in the United States until the commercial right of the railway capitalist to a profit from the operation of his roads is acknowledged. It is, of course, out of the question to expect that railways shall be prosperous when every other business is depressed, but the point which we are now insisting upon is, that the railway industry is sustaining losses of earnings out of all proportion. It is only equity to claim that these corporations should suffer losses no greater in comparison than those which the times are inflicting upon other mercantile interests; and with the gain to revenue which the practical application of this principle would bring we should have more money spent for wages, and for equipments and renewals, which the railway plants are needing. It is true that certain roads are still paying their regular dividends—though these are comparatively few—but the statistics just published by the Interstate Commission tell a story of great depression for the railways as a whole.

It ought further to be remarked that the gain in revenues which would come from such legislation as the bill permitting pooling, would not prove a loss to the producing interests of the country. The printed tariffs of the railways are not now maintained; but the reduction made below such tariffs goes principally to fill the pockets, not of the many, but of the few large forwarders who know how to take advantage of the circumstances; in most cases they do not reach the farmer or manufacturer. In short, it would be a step toward a better condition of business throughout the United States if by some legislation the railways were permitted to increase their revenues until these were put on a level with the earnings of the mercantile community in general.

WHITE AND BLACK IN THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

THERE are twenty-eight congressional districts, all in the Southern States, in each of which the negroes constitute more than one-half of the total population. In the Fifty-fourth Congress, for the first time since the war, every one of these districts will be represented by a Democrat. Even in Tennessee and North Carolina, in which the Democrats suffered defeat, the two negro districts (the Tenth Tennessee and the Second North Carolina) returned Democrats to Congress. Out of the 61 Representatives elected from the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, 59 are Democrats. It is a noteworthy fact that in the Alabama district in which a protectionist Populist was successful, and in the Texas district returning a Republican, the negro vote is insignificant, being but 10 per cent. of the whole in the former, and only 6 per cent. in the latter.

The truth is, that in the recent elections the black districts were almost the only portions of the country in which the Democratic losses were not great. According to the late Republican contention, such a state of things could not result from a free and fair election. Perhaps it did not, but it is even more certain that, since the 6th of last November, Senator Gorman is the only man in the whole country who has found any Republican willing to reënact a federal election law if he could. The only practical effect of the old law was to reduce to greater impotence in the South the party whose rights it was intended to protect. Since 1876 there has never been a Congress in which more than four or five of the negro districts returned Republicans or anybody but Democrats, and in most of them the Democrats had all but two or three Representatives—in some of them all but one. In the next Congress they will have all. On the other hand, the more the Republicans attempted to compel the white minorities in the black belts to permit the negro majorities to rule, the more completely did the Republicans alienate the white men of the border Southern States. So long as the Republicans felt that the Southern whites were practically all Democrats, and were likely to remain so, no matter what the Republican party did or left undone, so long were the Republicans, or some of them, certain to talk about force bills; for, as Mr. Bryce says in speaking on this subject, "To know that you are legally entitled to votes which force or fraud prevents you from getting, is enough to exasperate a saint."

The returns of the November elections in the more northern of the Southern States give the Republicans plenty of ground to hope that, if they can keep the race question out of politics, they may in the future contest those States, at least, as hopefully as the Democrats can the great majority of those of the North. Indeed, the two States of Missouri and Tennessee elect more Republicans to the next Congress than all the States of the North return Democrats. Of the eight northernmost of the Southern States, namely, Delaware, Maryland, the Virginias, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, the Republicans carried five—Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri. In alliance with the Populists they won North Carolina. The Democrats were successful in Virginia and Kentucky only. More noteworthy still, the Democrats elected a minority of the Representatives from these States, choosing 32, as against 31 Republicans and 3 Populists.

If the decade from March 4, 1861, to March 4, 1871, be excluded, when a large part of the white voters in these States were either in open rebellion or were disfranchised, there has never before been an election since the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign in 1840, in which an absolute majority of all the Representatives from the States in question were not Democrats. In them, doubtless, the Republicans received the great bulk of the negro vote, and without that vote would have fared very much worse than they did; but, even in them, every one of the four districts in which the negroes constitute a majority of the entire population went Democratic. In a number of the white districts, on the other hand, the Republican pluralities were greater than the total negro vote, showing that in them, at least, the majority of the whites had voted for the successful candidates.

In the far Southern States, containing most of the heavy negro districts, the Democratic party, as already pointed out, has secured all but two of the Representatives; and the two exceptions come from white districts. The last-mentioned States, even before the war, were very much more constant in their devotion to the Democracy than were those further north. Twenty years ago, however, as a rule, the Republicans chosen from Southern States came from negro districts mostly; now they come from white districts exclusively.

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FOOTBALL AND MANNERS.

MANY people have been disposed to consider our picture as to the effect of football on the manners as well as morals of its enthusiasts, as overdrawn, but the discussion over Hinkey is every day giving it strong support, and we commend this discussion to the careful consideration of parents. Hinkey is a young man of twenty-three, who will graduate next summer. He has been charged with a very serious offence—the form of cheating known as "slugging." The old custom in Europe, and in later years in the South, was to meet such charges by fighting the person who made them. In later and more civilized times, the accused is expected to disprove them. In England, four years ago, Lord Durham charged Sir George Chetwynd with cheating in a race by having his horse "pulled." Chetwynd had to answer or be ruled off the English race-courses. Arbitrators were accordingly appointed by the Jockey Club, and the parties appeared before them with their witnesses and some of the leading counsel of the English bar. Lord Durham proved his case, and Chetwynd disappeared from the turf.

Hinkey has never shown the slightest disposition to adopt any such course. The only defence he has produced is various declarations by his own friends that they have looked into the charges and found them false, or that "from inquiries they have made" they believe them to be false, or that the accuser is an infamous liar, or that football players, including Hinkey, are very honorable or religious men. The notion that it is the public, and not the Yale football men or Hinkey's private friends only, who need to be satisfied, does not seem to have occurred to them. What is wanted is proof, publicly offered, before some competent tribunal, in the presence of the other side, and subject to its cross-examination, that Hinkey did not on a certain date, in a certain match, "knee" a certain man. Thus far the proof offered by the accusers is overwhelmingly strong. A considerable number of honorable men say they saw it, though we believe on Hinkey's side hundreds are ready to swear they did *not* see it. But it all needs sifting by a court of some kind, and one of the objects of a college education is to make young men sensitive under charges of this nature, and eager for investigation. Any training which makes them shrink from such investigation, and meet imputations on their honor with abuse, or threats, or "cuss words," fathers and mothers may rest assured, is bad.

That football seems to have some such effect may be readily gathered from the events of the last few weeks. It is only a week ago that a meeting of a Yale Alumni Association was held in Hartford, Conn. One of the principal persons present was a prominent New England clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Twichell. Not one word was said by him or any one else about the necessity of meeting the charges against Hinkey in the way now customary among men of honor in the Northern States and in England. No one said Hinkey must clear himself. What Dr. Twichell said was that the charges "were calumnious and abominable," and then a young man named Huntington, jr., declared that "if Hinkey would thrash the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, he would become the most popular man in the country." The report does not record any protest against this language on the part of the clergyman, and it all ended in an invitation to Hinkey to a dinner. The whole scene was one which might well have been laid in South Carolina in the fifties, when we used to boil so over the Southern custom of "thrashing" critics. Who would have believed that such an illustration of manners and morals among college graduates would be possible in the heart of New England in the nineties, in the presence of a divine? Well, nobody; at least nobody who did not foresee football. The other day in Florida, Mr. Metcalf, the former editor of the *Forum*, and now editor of the Jacksonville *Citizen*, was waited on by a local police commissioner and church member, who put a pistol to his head and threatened to kill him for some comments on his official conduct. We all said, particularly when the church took no notice of it, "How Southern!" But evidently we are not far from a similar state of things here if no means of abating the football mania can be discovered. Here is a young man who is supposed to have been learning to be modest, law-abiding, peaceable, reverent, patient, and honorable, in a richly endowed institution, and he is advised, in the presence of a pastor, to meet imputations on his character not with refutation, but with a big stick.

That the football mania leads naturally to such displays is not difficult to show. One of its defences, by a Yale professor, insists on the "absolute necessity of personal encounters of some sort to the education of young men, especially men of the strongest character." This is the doctrine under which before the war the manners of Southern young men were formed, and to it were universally ascribed the savage street fights and the quarrelsome and lawless temper which disgraced Southern society and filled the North with horror. Its production to-day by a New England teacher for the benefit of New England youths, shocking as it is, is the direct product of the football craze. The game, in the first place, or rather the preparation for it, greatly exalts physical strength and prowess, and does so at the time of a man's life when he is most susceptible to such influences. He finds fame and honor in rich measure in the possession of such qualities, displayed, not in any useful industry, but simply in knocking people about, throwing them down, rolling them over, kicking and "kneeing" them. This is not all, however, or the worst. It is the one game in which loss of temper, or even desire to win, tempts constantly to the infliction of personal injury on one's opponents. It is the one game, too, in which such injury can be inflicted by an exasperated player with least chance of detection. The proposal to increase the number of umpires, and the presence of police on the ground, to prevent cheating, show how great the temptation to cheat by the use of unlawful violence is, and how difficult it is to prevent it. And no man can live long under this temptation without finding growing up within him a savage temper, an indifference to suffering, and a disposition to meet criticism with kicks and cuffs.

We have been surprised by the appearance, within thirty years of our war and within the shadow of Memorial Hall, of the assertion that football was a good preparation for modern warfare. But it is still more surprising that we should so soon have forgotten the effect on the slaveholder which we used to ascribe to the unrestrained power of "larruping" the negroes. There is nothing better established by history than that the practice of committing violence on the bodies of fellow-men has an extremely bad effect on manners, that it diminishes the respect for humanity, begets indifference to persuasion, and greatly increases the respect for simple muscle. The history of pugilism, of naval and military flogging, of slavery, of torture, all makes this lesson clear and impressive. That we should have to argue it all over again, and should witness illustrations of it in New York and New England in 1894, is surely most singular, and, to a student of human nature, most interesting.

DESCARTES AND HIS WORKS.

AN edition of all the writings of Descartes really does not exist. Every collection is incomplete, and gives only translations either of the French writings into Latin or of the Latin writings into French. The French ministry of public instruction has now assumed the duty of bringing out a worthy edition. M. Charles Adam, in the *Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement* for November 15, considers what researches have to be made and how much can be expected from the new edition. In regard to Descartes himself and his philosophy, extremely little is to be expected. He is the subject of one of the best biographies that ever was written, that of Baillet, which has totally eclipsed an earlier one in Latin by Pierre Borel, containing some valuable information not in Baillet. The frontispiece of Baillet's book, by the way, is engraved from the admirable portrait, familiar to everybody at first or second hand, by Franz Hals, in the Louvre. That engraving, though not remarkable otherwise, is interesting as showing details which to day can hardly be made out in the original without something to call attention to them. As for Descartes's writings, it would not matter much now if they were all destroyed. He himself called his philosophy an application of his geometry; but rather the achievement lay in showing how mathematical reasoning was to be applied to philosophy. It was an idea so simple, so statuesque, that we all get the full bene-

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fit of it though we never look into the original expression of it. Every educated man reads the 'Discours de la Méthode'—most educated men the 'Méditations'—at least, it was so when a college life was a literary, and not an athletic, life. But few philosophers are less pored over. A metaphysician will devote more time to the histories of Cartesianism by Bordas-Demoulin and Bouillier than to the simple words of its author.

Of course, whoever wishes to understand the history of science will pay a more minute attention to the details of the writings of Descartes, and also to his correspondence. And it may be that diligent research will yet bring to light letters by him and to him not altogether unimportant for the study of the intellectual status of his times. But not very much can be expected, even in that direction—certainly nothing comparable for an instant with the mine of historical information with which the new edition of Huygens is enriching the world. After all, it is no great hardship to have to read Descartes in the Elzevirs, and in the various volumes of *Opera posthuma* and *inedita* which have been dribbling down to us during the past two centuries and a half.

Descartes's three dreams, which mark the beginning of his philosophical career, were dreamed November 10, 1619, and he died in February, 1650, during a visit to Queen Christina in Stockholm. He had carried with him to Sweden a chest containing those of his papers which he considered interesting, and while there had busied himself, at the Queen's command, with arranging them. After his death the papers in the chest were inventoried, and so were, separately, those which he had left behind in Holland. The inventory of the chest, given in brief form by Borel, was found not many years since in its original bad French among the papers of Christian Huygens. The other inventory we know nothing about, but it could have contained nothing valuable except letters; and the best of his letters were in the chest in Sweden. M. Adam clearly proves that there are only a few pages in that chest whose loss is to be regretted. The head of the house of Descartes, the elder brother of the great philosopher, looked upon him as the Squire du Perron, who was demeaning himself in an eccentric and scarcely dignified way in busying himself with science; and he readily made a present of the chest and its contents to the French ambassador in Sweden, M. Chanut. Chanut in turn gave it to his brother-in-law Clerselier, who published two volumes of posthumous writings. He intended to bring out a third, but died in 1684 without having done so, leaving the papers as a legacy to J. B. Legrand, together with 500 livres for whoever would undertake their publication. Legrand, in 1690, writes to a correspondent: "Je vous diray pour votre consolation, Monsieur, que tous les manuscrits de M. Descartes qui n'ont point été imprimez sont en ma possession, outre 120 lettres que j'ai recueillies de diverses personnes, sans parler des mémoires qui me sont venus de la part de sa famille." There was a niece who seems to have conceived the idea that uncle René was rather a man to be proud of than otherwise; the more so as she looked upon his fame as an appanage of the family, a sort of addition to the coat of arms. The Abbé Legrand allowed Baillet the use of all the manuscripts. M. Adam suspects, on slight grounds, that Baillet's celebrated biography may be "at least in part" (which seems to us particularly weak, for it has certainly not been worked over unless possibly to render it more catholic) the work of Legrand. Legrand, dying in 1704, left the papers and the 500 livres to a M. Marmion, who died the following year, bequeathing the papers and the 500 livres to the mother of the Abbé Legrand. Nothing more is known of their history.

One thing there was in that chest that human curiosity cannot but desire to see. Incidentally we may mention that the chest on its way to Paris was sunk in a river-boat, was recovered, and all the papers as well dried as might be, and that from them were printed some of the invaluable correspondence which is contained in the edition of Cousin (to mention the least rare book which contains the bulk of it). But the curiosity we mean is a blank book which Decartes began "Anno 1619, kalendis Januariis." It began with a mathematical essay of eighteen leaves, entitled "Parnassus." The conditions favorable to mathematical genius—the stuff of which it is made, was just at that instant in its most plastic state. One would be glad to see what it was that the man who, in a few months, was about to invent analytical geometry, then thought worthy of that ambitious title. Then "après six feuillets vides est un escrit qui contient autres six feuillets, en prenant le liure d'un autre sens, les discours intitulés: *Olympica*." Among those pieces was the narrative of the three dreams, not so very extraordinary in themselves, but producing an extraordinary impression upon Descartes. The inventory says that on the margin was written "11 Novembre cepi intelligere fundamentum inuenti mirabilis." But, according to Baillet, who had the book before him, there was a date, 10 Nov. 1619, in the text, and 11 Nov. 1620, in the margin. This affords an excellent touchstone for the precious simplicity of commentators. The writing, if we had it, would disclose how the marvellous discovery appeared to its author at its first conception, and before he began to think how to put it into a shape acceptable to the general public. Then, "reprenant le liure en droit sens," two leaves of "quelques considérations sur les sciences." Next, half a page of algebra. Then a few lines of *Democritica*. Then, again turning the book, five and one half leaves of *Experimenta*. Finally, four pages entitled, "Præ ambula, initium sapientiæ est timor Domini." What a study for the psychologist would be there!

THE "MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

NEW YORK, December, 1894.

THE original manuscript of Thomas Paine's memorial, sent from his Luxembourg prison to Monroe, American Minister in Paris, is in possession of Mr. Alfred Morrison, London. I have recently compared it with the earliest and latest editions of the Memorial in England and America, and find that this very interesting document has never been really published in either country. I have no doubt that Mr. Morrison's MS. is the identical one written by Paine in prison. It bears evidence of preparation for the French translator in Paris, where alone it has appeared with any fulness. There are erasures of several passages, still quite legible, proper enough in the private Memorial, but which would not have been repeated in a copy for the press. It appeared in Paris with this long title:

"Mémoire de Thomas Payne, autographe et signé de sa main: addressé à M. Monroe, ministre des États-Unis en France, pour réclamer sa mise en liberté comme citoyen Américain, 10 Sept., 1794. "Robespierre avait fait arrêter Th. Payne en 1793: *il fut conduit au Luxembourg où le glaive* fut longtemps suspendu sur sa tête. Après onze mois de captivité, il recouvra la liberté, sur la réclamation du ministre Américain—c'était après la chûte de Robespierre. Il reprit sa place à la Convention, le 8 decembre, 1794 (18 frimaire an iii.)

"Ce mémoire contient des renseignemens curieux sur la conduite politique de Th. Payne en France pendant la Révolution, et à l'époque du procès de Louis XVI. Ce n'est point, dit-il, comme Quaker qu'il ne vota pas La Mort du Roi, mais par un sentiment d'humanité, qui ne tenait à ses principes religieux.—VILLENAVE."

Matthieu Guillaume Thérèse Villenave (born 1762) was a journalist. The date is not given, but the pamphlet appeared in 1795. It contains nearly all of the written Memorial, and a portrait of Paine "peint par Ped [Peale] à Philadelphie, dessiné par F. Bonneville, gravé par Sandoz." The same picture is engraved in the American pamphlet (1796) containing the much-abridged Memorial, but beneath it, "Bolt sc. 1703."* In the latter pamphlet, published by "Benj. Franklin Bache, No. 112 Market Street," extracts from the Memorial appear as an Appendix to the famous "Letter to George Washington." About nine pages of the MS. are omitted, some of them perhaps by Bache, who had to consider the situation of the so-called "French Party" in America. This party might have been damaged by such a reminder of the wrongs of the Revolution as the subjoined sketch of a scene in the Convention, which has not been described by French or English historians, though briefly alluded to by Guizot and Louis Blanc. After stating that every American in Paris knew of his purpose to return to America so soon as a constitution was adopted in France, Paine continues:

'But it was not the Americans only, but the Convention also, that knew what my intentions were upon that subject. In my last discourse, delivered at the Tribune of the Convention, January 19, 1793, on the motion for suspending the execution of Louis XVI., I said (the Deputy Bancal read the translation in French): 'It unfortunately happens that the person who is the subject of the present discussion is considered by the Americans as having been the friend of their revolution His execution will be an affliction to them, and it is in your power not to wound the feelings of your ally. Could I speak the French language, I would descend to your bar, and in their name become your petitioner to respite the execution of the sentence.'—'As the Convention was elected for the express purpose of forming a constitution, its continuance cannot be longer than four or five months more at furthest; and if, after my *return to America*, I should employ myself in writing the history of the French Revolution, I had rather record a thousand errors on the side of mercy than be obliged to tell one act of severe justice'—'Ah, citizens! give not the tyrant of England the triumph of seeing the man perish on a scaffold who had aided my much-loved America.'

"Does this look as if I had abandoned America? If she abandons me in the situation I am in, to gratify the enemies of humanity, let that disgrace be to herself. But I know the people of America better than to believe it, tho' I undertake not to answer for every individual

"When this discourse was pronounced, Marat launched himself into the middle of the hall and said that I 'voted against the punishment of death because I was a Quaker.' I replied that I voted against it 'both morally and politically.' I certainly went a great way, considering the rage of the times,

* This fine portrait of Paine is one of two painted by Charles Willson Peale, and is now in Independence Hall. The other was among the portraits of eminent Americans which, after long exhibition in Philadelphia by Rembrandt Peale, were sold by him to Mr. Macdonough. They were purchased from him by the Boston Museum, with the exception of the Paine, which was bought by Joseph Jefferson, the actor. Mr. Jefferson intended to present it to some public institution, but it was burned with his house at Buzzard's Bay. I have this history from Mr. Jefferson, who adds, "The cruel fire roasted the splendid *Infidel*, so I presume the saints are satisfied."

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in endeavoring to prevent that execution. I had many reasons for so doing. I judged, and events have shewn that I judged rightly, that if they once began shedding blood, there was no knowing where it would end; and as to what the world might call *honour*, the execution would appear like a nation killing a mouse; and, in a political view, would seem to transfer the hereditary claim to some more formidable enemy. The man could do no more mischief; and that which he had done was not only from the vice of his education, but was as much the fault of the Nation, in restoring him after he had absconded June 21st, 1791, as it was his. I made the proposal for imprisonment until the end of the war, instead of the punishment of death. Upwards of three hundred members voted for that proposal. The sentence of absolute death (for some members had voted the punishment of death conditionally) was carried by a majority of twenty-five out of more than seven hundred."

Such is the testimony of this perfectly qualified witness to an incident of large historical significance, and it now for the first time reaches the light in his own language. "I return," he then says, "from this digression to the proper subject of my Memorial." This is his claim to liberation as an American citizen, charged with no crime. Paine, against whom there was never any charge, was imprisoned under a revolutionary edict against "foreigners," and his release refused on the pretext that he was a Frenchman! This last pretext was suggested by his enemy, Gouverneur Morris, United States Minister, who wrote to the French Minister, "Il [Paine] fut adopté citoyen français, et ensuite élu Membre de la Convention. Sa conduite depuis cette époque n'est pas de mon ressort." The American Minister, having thus renounced "jurisdiction" (*ressort*) over Paine, as a "French citizen," at the same time wrote to his own Government that he had claimed Paine as an American citizen, but that the French Government claimed that he was their citizen, and held him for "crimes imputed to him." There was no such imputation, but the American Government, to which the pretended reclamation was never sent, could do no more. The lying letter of Morris to his Government being kept a profound secret, the seeming non-interference of Washington was regarded in America as evidence that Paine was a French citizen, while in France it was regarded as proof of the President's hostility to Paine, who, solely on this account, would have been executed but for Robespierre's fall. After that, Robespierre's prisoners were all released, but Paine, not being under any accusation by Robespierre or his party, was held by the supposed desire of Washington.

More than six weeks had passed after Robespierre's fall when the solitary prisoner received a letter from Mr. Whiteside, a Philadelphian in Paris, saying that Monroe had no orders respecting him, and "from what I can learn from all the late Americans, you are not considered either by the Government, or by the individuals, as an American citizen. You have been made a French citizen, which you have accepted, and you have further made yourself a servant of the French Republic; and, therefore, it would be out of character for an American Minister to interfere in their internal concerns." Paine supposed Whiteside his friend, but Monroe's comment on the letter (September 18) renders it pretty certain that the letter was inspired by Morris, still in France. This letter led Paine to write his Memorial, and among the passages suppressed in the American pamphlet is the following:

"It is somewhat extraordinary that the idea of my not being a citizen of America should have arisen only at the time that I am imprisoned in France because or on the pretence that I am a foreigner. The case involves a strange contradiction of ideas. None of the Americans who came to France while I was at liberty, had conceived any such idea or circulated any such opinion; and why it should arise now is a matter yet to be explained. However discordant the late American Minister, Gouverneur Morris, and the late French Committee of Public Safety were, it suited the purpose of both that I should be continued in arrestation. The former wished to prevent my return to America, that I should not expose his misconduct, and the latter lest I should publish to the world the history of its wickedness. Whilst that Minister and that Committee continued, I had no expectation of liberty."

Not having a copy of the Constitution in prison, Paine makes the mistake of supposing that the article (i., section 9, clause 8), forbidding persons holding office under the United States from accepting any office under a foreign State, read "citizen," and shows its inapplicability to himself. He reminds Monroe that he became an American citizen by the Revolution, as all Americans did; that in addition he had twice taken an official oath of allegiance there, and none in France or any other country; that he had accepted an invitation to assist in framing a constitution for a country in which no government existed; and that his citizenship in France was simply honorary like that conferred at the same time on many eminent foreigners. He affirms his constancy to America:

"I have never abandoned her in thought, word, or deed; and I feel it incumbent on me to give this assurance to the friends I have in that country, and with whom I have always intended and am determined, if the possibility exists, to close the scene of my life. It is there that I have made myself a home. It is there that I have given the service of my best days. America never saw me flinch from her cause in the most gloomy and perilous of her situations; and I know there are those in that country who will not flinch from me."

In conclusion he proposes that Monroe shall reclaim him conditionally, "until the opinion of Congress can be obtained on the subject of my citizenship of America, and that I remain in liberty under the protection of the Minister during that interval."

In August and September, 1792, the National Assembly made twenty-eight foreigners honorary citizens of France, among them Paine, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and Joel Barlow. That the Convention did not regard such citizenship as conferring any rights or liabilities was shown not merely by Paine's imprisonment as "a foreigner," but by the fact that when Joel Barlow wished to become an actual French citizen, it had to be effected by a special decree of the Convention. This decree, dated February 17, 1793, admitting "Joel Barlow au titre et aux droits de citoyen français," signed by the President (Dubois de Crancé) and other officers of the Convention, I discovered in March last in the State Archives at Paris (États-Unis, vol. 37, fol. 130). Barlow presently became United States Consul in Algiers, then Minister to France, no question being raised about his citizenship, not even by his political opponent, Gouverneur Morris, who had been in Paris when he was naturalized. Nor was the question about Paine genuine. But even after this was settled, by the action of Washington, Randolph, and Monroe, such was the secrecy, during those days of negotiation with England, which had outlawed Paine, that the popular belief remained that the Government had refused to recognize Paine as a citizen. His vote was actually refused at New Rochelle on that ground. It is droll to find him applying to Barlow (at Washington) for a certificate (on which to prosecute the inspectors) that he (Barlow) "and other Americans in Paris went in a body to the Convention to reclaim me." Whether the actual French citizen so far assisted the American citizen I know not, but Paine's suit failed, and he never cast a vote under the Union he helped to found.

Barlow apparently made a good thing out of his French citizenship, besides escaping perils in France, and perhaps from his native land (anent Scioto); but it should be said that ideas of citizenship had not then crystallized. Less than two years before, Washington and Jefferson were proposing to the French Chargé d'Affaires, Louis Otto, a large reciprocity in citizenship. This is recorded in the State Archives at Paris (États-Unis, vol. 35). April 4, 1791, Otto writes home, "The plan of the President and Mr. Jefferson is to naturalize in America all French citizens, as regards commerce." October 24, 1791, Otto, having just been with Jefferson at Mount Vernon, reports the Secretary as saying to him there, that if he (Jefferson) were to frame a treaty of commerce, "it should consist of a single article, and that would be, to naturalize respectively all French and all United States citizens, and place both on a footing of perfect equality in all the ports of the two nations, whether in Europe or other parts of the world." Monroe proved Paine to be in no real sense a French citizen, but wrote him that even if he had been one, it "by no means deprived him of being an American one." "The Congress have never decided upon citizenship in a manner to regard the present case." But it took Monroe three months to cut the knot that bound Paine after all Robespierre's victims were released—that knot being a secret letter of his predecessor declaring Paine a French citizen, to whom the American Minister's "jurisdiction" did not extend.

Ten years before, Washington wrote to Madison: "Must the merits and services of *Common Sense* continue to glide down the stream of time, unrewarded by this country? His writings certainly have had a powerful effect on the public mind—ought they not then to meet an adequate return?" Now Washington is unconsciously holding his old comrade a prisoner. One after another the prisoners of Robespierre have departed. Paine alone paces the solitary corridors of the Luxembourg, wondering, as he wrote to Monroe, what the motives of his imprisonment could be. His sufferings were greater than I knew when writing his biography. The supplies were diminished: he had no candle in his cell, no soap; and at length was in want of the necessaries of life. In his fifty-eighth year, more aged by troubles, insufficient food and clothing bring on an abscess that threatens to end the life the guillotine had spared. He writes to Monroe that he is without friends, neglected by his country, in need, his health gone, and asks for a little money. America, he says, can gain little credit by such neglect of a citizen. The abscess was still eating into Paine's side when he wrote the bitter letter to Washington which has been so severely judged. Had Paine's care for his American citizenship been less, had he imitated the example of Barlow, he also might have escaped trouble under the Reign of Terror, and afterwards cast an unchallenged vote at New Rochelle. As it was, Jarvis wrote truly under his picture of the dead Paine: "A man who devoted his whole life to two objects—rights of man and freedom of conscience—had his vote denied when living, and was denied a grave when dead."

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

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Correspondence.

REFORM BY REPEAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So much learned obscurity is being indulged in about the "elasticity" and other mechanical and ideal qualities of currency, that we are in danger of forgetting that stability and confidence are the really essential qualities, and these have been pretty effectually legislated to death during many years past. It should not be in the least surprising that the slowly gathering but inevitable consequences of so many wild experiments of the past are beginning to show themselves and to startle those who have anything to lose. Nevertheless, if a maximum of zeal and a minimum of reflection should impel the present depositaries of power to radical and sweeping changes, even of the disorders plainly existing, it would be quite possible to convert mere confusion and distress into chaos and ruin.

The present condition, being mainly traceable to bad legislation in the past, would seem at least partly curable by the easy expedient of retracing such adventures—that is, by simple measures of repeal—deferring reconstructive legislation for further discussion and reflection. A great historian, with whom our statesmen at least should be familiar, has asserted the generally disastrous results of experimental legislation on social and technical subjects, and in support of his view has pointed out that the most beneficial legislation recorded in the annals of every age and race of mankind has invariably been *legislation repealing some former legislation.*

Be that as it may, a most beneficial start has been made in our case by the repeal of the Sherman Act, thus suspending the further creation of silver certificates practically redeemable in gold. Assuming that there are outstanding of these and other demand notes of the Government several hundred millions in amount, which must, as the law now stands, be reissued as fast as received by the Treasury for payment, the next step, as now generally admitted, is to get those demand liabilities paid off and definitively extinguished. But it is not hard to see the great danger of sudden and ruinous contraction that might ensue if this end, however excellent, were precipitated by rash or suddenly contrived schemes, relying for the replacement of that great mass of existing currency on certain expected action of National and State banks, which is by no means certain of occurring as anticipated.

It would seem that two measures of simple repeal can be suggested which could in no event work harm, and must advance our financial stability a long way in the right direction. These are the repeal of the legislative clause requiring the constant reissue of the Government demand notes, and a modification of the bond security and excessive taxes required from the national banks. If to these measures of simple repeal should be added affirmative authority to the Executive to issue low interest-bearing gold bonds to assist the process of retirement, and to meet possible emergencies, so much will have been accomplished toward recovering stability and confidence in the currency that the country might afford to defer further perilous experiments till the subject shall have been more thoroughly discussed at home and abroad.

I say *abroad* advisedly, because it is evident that the tendency of all foreign-held American securities is, and has long been, homeward to their place of issue. How many of these returning obligations have been already absorbed here, and how many are still to come in case of continued want of confidence, are matters of dread uncertainty. There is not one citizen, from laborer to capitalist, whose fortunes are not vitally affected by this uncertainty; for so long as the process continues, it must work a steady reduction of the capital available here for all the operations of industry. Notwithstanding the present engorgement of unemployed money at financial centres, every dollar of such reduction must be severely felt by all classes at the first signs of a recovery of our productive industries. And there is no way of checking this portentous loss of foreign capital heretofore available at a low cost for our uses, except the restoration, at any cost, of confidence in American currency; for this last in every country underlies all financial credit, and is equally essential for the attraction or retention of foreign capital.

Yours very respectfully,

I. J. Wistar.

Philadelphia, December 21, 1894.

SLAVE HOLDINGS IN VIRGINIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The reviewer of my article, "The Slave Owner of Princess Anne County, Virginia, 1810," which appeared in the *William and Mary Quarterly* for January and July, in the *Nation*, August 23, requested me to look for the census report for 1820. I have done so, but without success, but the following, derived from the personal-property returns for 1820 and 1830, may prove of interest to all who are interested in the history of slavery. There were in Princess Anne County in 1820 4,812 whites, 3,705 slaves, and 251 free blacks. Of the slaves above twelve years of age,

220	persons	owned	1 each	220
119	"	"	2 "	238
74	"	"	3 "	222
52	"	"	4 "	208
27	"	"	5 "	135
21	"	"	6 "	126
19	"	"	7 "	133
11	"	"	8 "	88
7	"	"	9 "	63
7	"	"	10 "	70
5	"	"	11 "	55
8	"	"	12 "	96
4	"	"	13 "	52
3	"	"	14 "	42
4	"	"	15 "	60
3	"	"	18 "	54
1	"	"	22 "	22
1	"	"	26 "	26
586				1,910

In 1830 there were in the county 5,033 whites, 3,726 slaves, and 343 free blacks, and the numbers of owners of slaves above twelve years of age were:

204	persons	owned	1 each	204
121	"	"	2 "	242
74	"	"	3 "	222
57	"	"	4 "	228
49	"	"	5 "	215
21	"	"	6 "	126
11	"	"	7 "	77
9	"	"	8 "	72
19	"	"	9 "	117
7	"	"	10 "	70
7	"	"	11 "	77
2	"	"	12 "	24
5	"	"	13 "	65
2	"	"	14 "	28
2	"	"	15 "	30
2	"	"	16 "	32
2	"	"	17 "	34
1	"	"	19 "	19
1	"	"	20 "	20
1	"	"	22 "	22
1	"	"	29 "	29
586				1,953

Yours respectfully, Edward W. James.

Richmond, Va., December 14, 1894.

[These data are valuable as showing the movement of population, which for the county in question was 9,500 in 1810; 8,768 in 1820; 9,102 in 1830, with an oscillating decline also exhibited in the total number of slaves—3,926, 3,705, 3,726 respectively. From the two tables we obtain a constant ratio for slave children under twelve, namely, 48 per cent. Whether in a State notoriously given to slave-breeding this ratio is excessive, or the reverse, we do not know; nor whether the apparent exemption of infant slave property from taxation was an intentional premium upon that industry.—Ed. Nation.]

THE ATHLETIC YARDSTICK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The effect of football upon the college intellect deserves investigation by college psychologists. The president of a Western college of the better grade—he is professor of psychology, too, by the way—congratulated his two hundred students in chapel assembled upon the (alleged) fact "that their progress and success in study during the term just finished had been fully equal to their success in intercollegiate athletics and football."

And the pitiful thing about it was that not even a freshman smiled.—Respectfully, J.

THE SPIRITUAL YARDSTICK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is food for reflection in the following account of the founding of Yale College given by President Thomas Clap in 1766:

"Ten of the principal Ministers in the Colony were nominated and agreed upon by a general Consent, both of the Ministers and People, to stand as Trustees or Undertakers to found, erect, and govern a College. The Ministers so nominated met at *New-Haven* and formed themselves into a Body or Society, to consist of eleven Ministers, including a Rector, and agreed to Found a College in the Colony of Connecticut; which they did at their next Meeting, at *Branford*, in the following Manner, viz.: Each Member brought a Number of Books and presented them to the Body; and laying them on the Table said these Words, or to this Effect: '*I give these Books for the founding a College in this Colony.*' Then the Trustees as a Body took Possession of them, and appointed the Rev. Mr. *Russel* of *Branford* to be the Keeper of the Library, which then consisted of about forty Volumes in Folio." (*The Annals or History of Yale College*, p. 3.)—Respectfully, M.

THE BURNING OF FROUDE'S 'NEMESIS OF FAITH.'

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I was at Oxford at the time of the publication of 'The Nemesis of Faith,' and my recollection differs from the account given in the passage quoted from the *Prospective Review* by Mr. Moncure Conway, if in that account it is implied that the burning of the book was the public act of the college. It was understood at the time, I believe, to have been the personal act of the Rev. Dr. William Sewell, one of the tutors, a well-known high-church writer, and a man, from his general character, likely to give vent to his feelings in such a demonstration.

With regard to the case of Froude, as well as to that of Shelley, it should be borne in mind that the college statutes in those times were distinctly religious, and that the colleges were receiving students on the understanding that they were places of religious education. I hardly see how the college could have retained

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either Froude or Shelley under these conditions. Froude, as a Fellow, was a member of the governing and educating body, among the functions of which were religious instruction and supervision.

As I took an active part in the movement for the abolition of religious tests, I shall not be suspected of framing excuses for intolerance.

Yours faithfully, GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, December 22, 1894.

BETTERMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the review of 'The Vermont Settlers and the New York Speculators' in the *Nation* of December 6 this statement is quoted and credited to "an American General and M. C., Gen. Vielé"—"*Betterment* is not an American word, but *benefit* is the word there used. . . . The word [betterment] is not to be found in the English language current in America."

The word is current not only in Vermont and in England, as your review points out, but its use is widely extended through this country, as the following references will show. Your quotation from Chief Justice Lyon of Wisconsin may be reinforced by like expressions stating that "these statutes are commonly known as *betterment* laws," Cooley (Mich.), 'Constitutional Limitations,' pp. 386 and 389; Story, J. (Mass.), in Bright vs. Boyd, 1 Story, 478; Chancellor Kent (N. Y.), vol. 2, Commentaries 336, note (*b*); Shipman, J. (Conn.), in Griswold vs. Bragg, 6 Fed. Rep., 342. "*Betterment* Laws, 22 *Law Reporter* 1," is found in Jones's 'Index to Legal Periodicals.' "The value of *betterments* or improvements made on land," and similar expressions, Albee vs. May, 2 Paine C. Ct., 74; Deffeback vs. Hawke, 115 U. S., 399 (a Dakota case), in brief of counsel. "*Betterments* which they have added to the land," 3 Pomeroy's 'Equity,' 190 4, note *b* (San Francisco). "An addition or *betterment* of a building," Phillips (Washington, D. C.), 'Mechanics' Liens,' section 174, first edition. "The claim for *betterments*," Sedgwick and Wait (N. Y.), 'Trial of Title to Land,' 467; also, "compensation [to mortgagee] for *betterments*," Perry's note, 2 Story, 'Equity Jurisprudence,' section 799a, tenth edition (Boston). The heading *betterments* with cross references is found in the U. S. Digest, First Series (Boston), in the American Digests for 1888-1894 (except 1892), Digest of Federal Reporter, Digest of N. W. Reporter (St. Paul), in the General Digests for 1892 and 1893 (Rochester), and in the Complete Digests (N. Y.) for 1887, 1888, 1889.

This last contains the only suggestion of the use of *benefit* as a substitute for betterment, the cross-reference being to "assessments for *benefits* from local improvements"; but this is not an instance of the use of *benefits* as meaning betterments, but (and there is a decided difference) of the use of betterments as including *benefits*—that is, it extends betterments to something which has not heretofore been included within the definition of that term. But I have not been able to find a single example of the use of the word *benefit* as the equivalent of "betterments or improvements made on lands" (2 Paine C. Ct., 74, Judge Paine, Reporter, 1834), which is the sense in which it is stated in the above quotation to be used in this country. In that sense I have been unable to find it used at all.—Yours, etc.,

C. B. BLAIR.

CHICAGO, December 14, 1894.

Notes.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., Cincinnati, have in press 'The National Military Park: Chickamauga—Chattanooga: An Historical Guide, with maps and illustrations,' by H. V. Boynton.

P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia, will soon publish 'The Dynamics of Life,' by William R. Gowers, M.D., of London.

Ginn & Co., Boston, have nearly ready 'Alfred de Musset: Selections from his Poetry and Comedies,' edited with notes by Prof. L. Oscar Kuhns of Wesleyan University.

Dr. Benjamin Rand of the Harvard Philosophical Department will shortly issue a third edition of his 'Selections Illustrating Economic History since the Seven Years' War.' He will likewise publish in connection therewith a revised bibliography of economic history, which will also appear in separate form simultaneously in English, French, and German.

Macmillan & Co. announce 'Greek Studies,' being the posthumous papers of Walter Pater, collected by his friend Mr. Shadwell of Oriel College; "The Making of the England of Elizabeth,' by Allen B. Hinds; two volumes of Scott's poetical works, edited by Andrew Lang, uniform in style with the Dryburgh Edition of the Waverley Novels; and further volumes in the "Ex-Libris Series," namely, on the 'Decoration and Illustration of Books,' by Walter Crane, on 'Modern Book Illustration,' by Joseph Pennell, on 'Decorative Heraldry,' by G. W. Eve, as well as a history of 'Alphabets,' by Edward F. Strange.

J. Selwin Tait & Sons publish immediately 'Napoleon III. and Lady Stuart,' from the French of Pierre de Lano.

Announcement is made of an illustrated 'Catalogue of Existing Danish Portraits,' under the editorship of E. F. S. Lund, a specimen sheet of which has recently been published in Copenhagen. In its general plan it resembles the similar Norwegian work edited by Anker and Huitfeldt-Kaas (1886), but the treatment will be more complete. The reproductions, of which there will be a great number, will consist of finely executed phototypes, and the text will give the size and form of all paintings, the artists' names, and other particulars. This undertaking ought to prove a valuable aid to the study of Danish history and biography. In view of the large number of Danes in this country, many of whom undoubtedly possess family portraits, it may not be out of place to state that blanks to be filled out with the desired information may be obtained from the editor, Cand.-jur. E. F. S. Lund, Annisegaard per Helsinge, Denmark.

A year ago we noticed at some length the first volume of Prof. Pasquale Villari's 'I primi due Secoli della Storia di Firenze,' and we now have the pleasure of welcoming its counterpart in English translation by Mme. Villari ('The First Two Centuries of Florentine History: The Republic and Parties of the Time of Dante.' New York: Scribners). The generous typography is supplemented by numerous half-tone illustrations of Tuscan and Roman remains and mediæval antiquities, and there is an index.

The same firm sends us the fourth edition of Mrs. Bell's ("N. D'Anvers") 'Elementary History of Art,' newly revised by her. The number of pages has actually been reduced one-quarter, while the bulk remains about the same; the compressed page remaining agreeable to the eye and legible. Valuable additions are a table of contents, wanting in the third edition, a list of illustrations likewise, and a glossary of technical terms used in architecture and sculpture. The American portion has been but slightly modified, and takes note of the new school of painters only by nominal mention in a summary manner.

In conjunction with Chatto & Windus, London, Messrs. Scribner publish a third series of 'Original Plays by W. S. Gilbert,' containing the text of "Comedy and Tragedy," "Foggerty's Farm," "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern," "Patience," "Princess Ida," "The Mikado," "Ruddigore," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Gondoliers," "The Mountebanks," and "Utopia Limited."

Calverley's 'Verses and Fly-Leaves' has been delightfully "printed and bound by the Knickerbocker Press, New York (G. P. Putnam's Sons)," with a manifest design upon the pocket of the purchaser, first in paying the price of this tempting volume, and then in carrying it about the person. Turning to the lines "Forever," we perceive that our friend "Papyrius Cursor" prudently stopped short in his recent quotation of them against the proof-reader's convention of a double word:

> "Forever! 'Tis a single word:
> And yet our fathers deemed it two:
> Nor am I confident they err'd;
> Are you?"

The Joseph Knight Co. (Boston) publish as a holiday volume 'Some Old-Time Beauties,' ten portraits of famous beauties by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, and others, "with embellishment and comment by Thomson Willing." The comment is mildly gossiping and entertaining, the embellishment is clever if florid, and the portraits, being reproduced from engravings, not from the originals, are of little value as examples of the art of the painters represented, though answering their purpose of satisfying curiosity as to the personal appearance of the sitters. The book is prettily got up and likely to be popular as a gift-book.

Those who delight in epigrams will find an abundance, fairly Englished, in three little volumes of 'French Folly in Maxims'—of Philosophy, of Letters, and of Art (Brentano's). They are edited, with introductions, by M. Henri Pène du Bois, who has chosen almost wholly from writers of the present century, including not a few of the living. A large number of the maxims are more or less cynical observations on women. The proof-reading in the matter of accents is a little slipshod.

Mr. W. Salt Brassington's 'History of the Art of Bookbinding, with some account of the Books of the Ancients' (Macmillan), is a curious, rambling, ill-digested work, containing much, however, that is really interesting. The author does not reveal any just understanding of the principles of decoration, but he brings together a good deal of information not otherwise accessible, and supplies a great many illustrations from all sorts of sources. He directs attention to certain books clothed in Ireland and having a lovely Celtic ornament. He reproduces several of the rich and little-known stamped-leather bindings made chiefly at Durham, and pays some tribute to the many beautiful books having embroidered covers. His illustrations embrace half-a-dozen book-covers of pierced silver, in the style which certain American silversmiths have recently revived with distinct success. Very little attention is bestowed on the great French binders.

Bird-lovers will not have missed Mr. Bradford Torrey's agreeable articles on bird-life in

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Florida, first printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and now republished in book form ('A Florida Sketch-book.' Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Those who have wandered in the "flatwoods," along the Atlantic beaches, or among the flowery lanes of Tallahassee, will recognize with pleasure, in these pages, the truthfulness of local color and the genuine woodland aroma of the Orange State. Mr. Torrey's humor is never of the biting kind, and his devotion to his feathered friends is not so intense as to exclude attention to the amiable peculiarities of the negro and the Cracker, or involve neglect of those characteristics of climate and flora which charm or annoy, according to the visitor's temperament or point of view. The result is that from this little collection of more or less desultory sketches one may gain a better idea of Florida as it appears to sympathetic but not uncritical Northern eyes, than from many guide-books or gazetteers. The reader will find nothing extraordinary or startling, possibly little of enthralling interest, yet he can hardly fail to agree with the author's closing remark that "To have lived in the sun, to have loved natural beauty, to have felt the majesty of trees, to have enjoyed the sweetness of flowers and the music of birds—so much, at least, is not vanity nor vexation of spirit."

A holiday book that is late in coming to hand is Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' decorated and illustrated by Frederick Colin Tilney (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Scribners). Mr. Tilney's work; none of which do we remember meeting with before, is certainly interesting. Each sonnet is elaborately lettered by the artist—a fact somewhat to be regretted from the point of view of ready legibility—and framed with a decorative and symbolical border, and there are a few full-page drawings besides. The art is of very various quality, some of it trivial and some in bad taste, and none of it very perfect technically; but it occasionally reaches a surprising power and almost grandeur of invention. The frontispiece and the full page illustration to the seventh sonnet are specially notable, and, while imitative of neither, remind one of the quality of thought of Burne-Jones and Watts. Even this latter composition, however, the best in the book, is marred by clumsy drawing, while such things as the decorations to sonnets 40 and 41 sink to the level of the cheaper work in the minor magazines. The book is furnished with an Introduction by Edmund Gosse, which gives the history of the poems and an enthusiastic critical estimate of them, and with an "Artist's Preface," which explains at somewhat unnecessary length the intention and symbolism of the ornament.

The 'Century Cyclopedia of Names' avoids indicating the pronunciation of Munchausen by a cross-reference to Münchhausen. Whether the common *Muntchawsen* was in the mind of the author, is exposed to some doubt by the title of the third edition (1786), "Baron Munnikhouson, commonly pronounced Munchausen." We take this from a new edition of 'The Surprising Adventures of Baron Munchausen,' issued in bold type by Charles Scribner's Sons, with an historical introduction in which the German-English invention is fixed upon R. E. Raspe as surely, perhaps, as it can ever be. Youthful readers will still take the 'Adventures' "straight," without a suspicion of mixed authorship as revealed by the bibliography, but their elders can, with the present editor's guidance, pick out the chapters which probably composed the original edition of 1785, now quite invisible, and certainly the extant second edition. Two disciples of Aubrey Beardsley, Messrs. Strang and Clark, have furnished new illustrations which do not merit Mr. Seccombe's praise of them as sequels to Doré's and Cruikshank's.

'Shepp's New York City Illustrated' (Hegger) portrays what the ordinary stranger would like to see in this metropolis, with a text that gives a fair superficial account of streets, quarters, populace, public institutions, private dwellings, markets, police, charities, sports, manners and customs, etc. The views among the foreign colonies and in the slums are quite as interesting as the interiors of millionaire homes. There are some portraits also. The compilers have studiously avoided advertisements. Many of the photographs are obviously very freshly taken, and the praise of the Police Department is tempered by the recent revelations of the Lexow Committee.

"Quieta non movere" is not the motto of the venerable *Almanach de Gotha* (Gotha: Perthes; New York: Westermann). Its issue for the coming year (the 132d) exhibits a remarkable industry in overhauling and courage in enlarging. Space has been yielded principally to the genealogical portion, so as, for example, to include mention of every member of an English family deriving from a duke; but also, as the editors point out, the "aristocracy of intelligence" has been regarded, and for the first time the names of university curators and directors are given. The personnel of French, Dutch, and English colonial administration has been carefully revised, as well as that of the Japanese marine, which cuts a new figure on the international horizon. The names of ships of war, and torpedo-boat statistics, are other innovations. By pure accident the new Czar and his bride find themselves pictured beside President Casimir-Perier and Prince Windisch-Graetz; and by pure luck the new German chancellorship is able to be noted among the additions at the end of the plump volume of 1,367 pages.

"A Forgotten Island" is the appropriate title of an article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for November describing Nikaria, the Icaria of classic times. Its 12,800 inhabitants are all Greeks, though the island belongs to Turkey. They are mostly charcoal-burners and farmers, their principal crop being black raisins of a superior quality. There are a few ancient remains, one a ruined temple, possibly of the Taurian Artemis. The other articles are an orographic description of the Spanish Peninsula and an account of a journey across the Chilian Andes to Lake Nahuel-Huapi. On its shores the Spaniards of the sixteenth century placed their "enchanted city of the Cæsars," in which were boundless treasures.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for December opens with the sixth and concluding paper upon Swedish hydrographic research in the Baltic and North Seas. The ten plates which accompany it are intended mainly to show the salinity and temperature of different sections. The other articles are a description of Bhutan, by Lieut.-Col. Godwin-Austen, and an account of the Island of Saghalin, which we noticed when it originally appeared in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*.

A timely paper is the account of Mantchuria in the *Geographical Journal* for December by Mr. A. R. Agassiz of the Imperial Chinese Customs. A sketch of the country, both geographical and historical, is followed by a detailed description of its industries and commerce. Chief among its exports are beans, which are by far the most important of Mantchuria's products. Next comes the bean-cake, the refuse after the oil is extracted, which is used in southern China in fertilizing the sugar-cane. Cotton goods form the great bulk of the imports, and of these more than two-thirds are American manufacture, drills and sheetings. The net total of pieces of cotton goods imported in 1892 was 984,106, or more than four times the quantity imported twenty years ago. The prosperity to which these facts testify will increase rapidly, it is hoped, with the opening of the whole country to Chinese colonization, the construction of railways, and the development of its great agricultural and mineral wealth. There is also an interesting sketch of China by Baron F. von Richthofen, in which, while saying a good word for the civil mandarins, he characterizes the military mandarins as "devoid of ambition, negligent in enforcing discipline, and fraudulent, especially in the particular of drawing pay for troops which do not exist." Referring to the victories of the Japanese, he says that even if the present dynasty should be overthrown, the new one "would be in reality Chinese," and quotes approvingly the remark of a former American resident: "If one tries to overthrow China, and inflicts on her the deadliest wounds, it is all the same as if one whipped the sea."

Among the periodical ventures of the new year the *Magazine of Travel* makes a good appearance with the January number (10 Astor Place, New York). There are well-illustrated articles on Mexico, Southern California, Switzerland, and Alaska (by Lieut. W. G. Cutler, U. S. N.); and non-illustrated on "The Mountain Paradise of Virginia" (by C. D. Lanier) and "Hunting in the Cattle Country" (by Theodore Roosevelt). There is a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and a story, and even an article on the financial situation. Personally conducted winter tours and a Travellers' Bureau of Information are a part of the enterprise. The book reviews are not remarkable.

The *Figaro* of November 29 announces that M. Ernest Lavisse of the French Academy has succeeded the lamented James Darmesteter in the direction of the *Revue de Paris*. M. Louis Ganderax, who was associated with Darmesteter in the review, will continue his functions as before.

The Government at Athens seems to be really stirred by the dangers which threaten the Parthenon, and which the late earthquakes have both increased and made more apparent. A month ago a commission was appointed to make a careful examination of the structure and settle upon the steps to be taken to prevent it from falling into ruin. The architects and archæologists who compose this commission have had many meetings, but unhappily find themselves unable to agree upon any definite plan of effecting the repairs. The majority, four in number, wish to replace the parts that are crumbling, or cracked and unsafe, by new materials; the minority, which consists of only one, Mr. Tschiller, urges, on the other hand, the preservation of the monument just as it stands, strengthening with rods and bands of iron the parts that seem likely to fall. Between these two views the Government has not been able to decide, and has sent to Berlin to consult a specialist in Greek restorations, whom it asks to come to Athens, make the proper examinations, and decide on what shall be done. None of all this, or certainly not very much of it, will seem reassuring to the lovers of Greek antiquity.

Mary Logan's 'Guide to the Italian Pictures at Hampton Court, with short studies of the Artists,' "written for the Kyrle Society," is tastefully and conveniently printed, and yet

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sells for twopence (London: A. D. Innes & Co.). The author attempts—and we congratulate her on her success—to draw the attention of the visitor to the jewels of a painfully promiscuous collection, and to give him the information and, when possible, the frame of mind needful for appreciating and enjoying them. In the course of her pamphlet "Mary Logan" (Mrs. Costelloe) gives more sympathetic and reconstructive characterizations of such painters as Giorgione, Bonifazio, Lotto, Savoldo, Tintoretto, Bordone, Bassano, and Dosso Dossi than will easily be found elsewhere. The serious student will find here many a happy suggestion, as, for instance, the one pointing to Morto da Feltre as the probable painter of a "Concert" at Hampton Court ascribed to Lotto, and of the "Three Ages" in the Pitti, there ascribed to Lotto also, but by Morelli to Giorgione. As to the intelligent sightseer, he will be very lucky if he can begin to see pictures under such competent guidance.

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has just held its forty-second annual meeting. Its library now numbers 167,295 volumes and pamphlets, the accessions during the year having been 4,597 books and 2,676 pamphlets. Its newspaper department includes 8,000 bound volumes, a catalogue of which, with historical and other notes, has been long in preparation. This work was reported so near completion that it will be printed early in 1895. About 350 volumes date from before the nineteenth century. It was resolved to urge the Legislature that will meet in January to erect a new building, partly because the gem has outgrown its casket, but especially because the structure now occupied is pronounced by experts far less fire-proof than had been believed. A paper was read regarding early shipping on Lake Superior. It was shown from recondite sources that decked vessels were there afloat in 1731, and that they have continued to show themselves there with little interruption ever since.

—With the present (December) number ends *Astronomy and Astro-Physics*, of which three large volumes (1892-94) have been published by Prof. Payne of the Goodsell Observatory at Northfield, Minnesota. Previously the name of this progressive journal had been the *Sidereal Messenger*, of which ten volumes were issued, the first in 1883. On the renewal and formal inauguration of astronomical activities at Chicago University, that institution has now purchased the new magazine outright, and Prof. Hale, director of the Yerkes Observatory, and for three years co-editor of *Astronomy and Astrophysics* with Prof. Payne, has merged that publication into an entirely novel magazine, to be entitled the *Astrophysical Journal*, with an unparalleled board of editorial management, including Cornu of Paris, Dunér of Upsala, Huggins of London, Tacchini of Rome, and Vogel of Berlin; together with the American names, not less distinguished, of Hastings of Yale, Michelson of Chicago, Pickering of Harvard, Rowland of Baltimore, and Young of Princeton. In the immediate management of the new periodical, Prof. Hale will be ably seconded by Prof. Keeler, formerly an associate of Prof. Langley, and now director of the Allegheny Observatory. In it the astronomer and the astro-physicist will be able to meet on common ground, and the scope of the *Astrophysical Journal* will be broad, including laboratory researches, photographs and drawings, descriptions and theories of sun, moon, planets, satellites, comets, shooting stars, nebular star clusters, and the milky way. To the reproduction of the latest photographs of astronomical and physical phenomena especial attention will be given; and the editors' intimate relations with the observatories and laboratories of Europe and America will enable them always to have the best at their disposal. Not least important will be the departments of "Minor Contributions and Notes," and the "Bibliographies" in each number, the first of which is to be issued in January, 1895. Subscriptions at $4 annually (eighteen shillings throughout the Postal Union) are receivable by the University Press Division, University of Chicago. For the new journal, which will be truly international in character, we venture to predict that handsome success which its enlightened and authoritative management will no doubt fully deserve.

—It is somewhat late in the day to call attention to Bliss's 'Calendar of the Papal Registers relating to Great Britain and Ireland' (London: Stationery Office), which forms a valuable addition to the historical material issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. There is no series of documents so important for mediæval history as the papal registers, and the activity shown in rendering their treasures accessible to the public, since the Vatican archives have been thrown open to scholars, is a most gratifying indication of the interest felt in the scientific study of the past. England has followed the example set by Germany and France, and though the interest of the enterprise is diminished by limiting it to insular concerns, it has the advantage of promising earlier completion. The present volume, extending from 1198 to 1304, embraces the stormy reigns of John, of Henry III., and of Edward I., during a considerable portion of which England was a fief of the Holy See, and the documents here calendared throw considerable light upon the details of papal interference with its domestic concerns, while towards the end we have the papal complaints of the bold legislation of Edward in emancipating his sovereignty. Mr. Bliss has disregarded the Continental usage, and has given his condensations of the letters in English, which seems to us a mistake. Such a work is likely to be consulted only by students to whom Latin is familiar, and one misses the verbatim transcripts of the controlling clauses which give such confidence in using them. In a translation there always lurks the doubt whether the translator has accurately caught the exact significance of his text, and this is peculiarly the case in matters so technical as the ecclesiastical Latin of the papal chancery. In turning over the pages we have met one or two instances in which we feel convinced that an error has been made in the version, and the conscientious scholar must often feel perplexed and uncertain as to the exact value of that which he desires to use. In such matters the *ipsissima verba* are sometimes invaluable. There are, moreover, occasional indications of carelessness, which do not tend to cause implicit reliance on Mr. Bliss's accuracy. There is a certain amount of pedantry in giving the dates according to the Roman calendar, but if this is done it should be all in Latin, and such expressions as "6 Id. May" and "12 Kal. June" have a somewhat incongruous effect. Whether proper names should be anglicized or not is perhaps an open question, but there can be none as to curious hybrids such as "John Caietan degli Orsini"; and the conversion of the name of one of the editors of the Registers of Boniface VIII. from "Digard" to "Sigard" can scarce be a printer's blunder.

—For some time members of the Institute and professors of the Sorbonne have been receiving memoirs relating to questions of the higher mathematics signed by the name of Paul Vernier. Like communications have appeared in the scientific journals. Some time last June, a letter came out in one of these periodicals, in which the process of demonstration employed was one that seemed to be borrowed from M. Painlevé, professor of differential and integral calculus at the Sorbonne. M. Painlevé sent at once a sharp note protesting against the pillage of his discovery. In reply came a private letter of excuse to say that the writer had not known of the discovery in question, and that M. Painlevé would perhaps forgive the unconscious plagiarism of a collegian not yet eighteen years old, pupil of a lycée near Nancy. The Sorbonne professor lost no time in making inquiries into the history of this remarkable youth, and found that he was the son of a medical man honorably known at Lyons, who had been by no means well pleased at the youth's invincible passion for mathematics. The upshot of the whole affair is that Paul Vernier has received the high and somewhat rare honor of being admitted without examination to the École Normale as a pupil *hors cadre*, and is receiving a foretaste of fame in the columns of the Paris newspapers. One of the current anecdotes about him may be repeated. He went into the last *concours* for the École Polytechnique, and got zero for his mathematical paper. He had so completely lost himself in drawing unexpected and picturesque conclusions from the problem set him that he quite forgot to solve it.

—The second volume of Dr. Hans Blum's 'Fürst Bismarck und seine Zeit' (Munich: Beck; New York: Westermann) covers a period of ten eventful years (1853-1863), beginning with the Oriental complications which led to the Crimean war, and ending with the agitated condition of political affairs in Germany on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities with Denmark. During the first half of this decade Bismarck continued to represent Prussia in the Federal Diet at Frankfort; in 1859, after the constitution of the regency, he was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, whence he was transferred in May, 1862, to Paris; in September of the same year he was recalled to Berlin as head of the ministry, with the direction of foreign affairs as his special department. When he was summoned to this responsible office, a serious conflict had arisen between the monarch and the House of Deputies, owing to the rejection of the budget for the reorganization of the army, which William I. deemed absolutely essential to the strength and safety of the State, and would rather surrender the crown than relinquish. Indeed, the King had already signed his abdication when Bismarck arrived at Babelsberg, and declared his willingness to accept the post of prime minister and to carry on the Government, if necessary, without a budget. This firmness inspired the sovereign with new courage and hope, and he tore in pieces the act of abdication, which had been the expression of his perplexity and despair. It was due to Bismarck's influence more than to any other cause that Prussia maintained an armed neutrality during the Italian war of independence in 1859, and refused to yield to the pressure of the English Tory Cabinet and form an offensive and defensive alli-

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ance with Austria. In this respect he pursued the same policy as in the Crimean war. Events had only confirmed him in the conviction that the German question could never be satisfactorily solved so long as Austria remained a German Power. "I perceive," he wrote from St. Petersburg to Baron von Schleinitz, May 12, 1859, "in our federal relations an infirmity of Prussia, which we must heal sooner or later *ferro et igni;* nor shall I be willing to inscribe 'German' instead of 'Prussian' on our banner until we have formed a closer and fitter union with the rest of our countrymen; the word loses its charm if applied to the present confederative nexus." The more Austria diminished her prestige and her power by political blundering, the easier he felt it would be to accomplish her ejectment when the proper time should come.

—A conspicuous and meritorious feature of Blum's biography is the admirable manner in which he weaves into the narration Bismarck's own utterances, derived from conversations, letters, speeches, official reports and other documents, and thus lets the man speak for himself. This method is especially desirable in describing the career of a man like Bismarck, whose sayings were so uniformly pithy and pat to the purpose, and whose keenness and directness of insight, never blurred by sentimentalism, often found expression in fine irony and cutting sarcasm. Thus he says of the Austrian minister, Count Buol: "He is ruled exclusively by vanity, whether he is cleaning his nails or concluding treaties." When, in 1854, Frederic William IV. wrote to Queen Victoria that Prussia, as a Protestant Power, should have the sympathy and support of Englishmen, Bismarck replied, "Die Baumwolle sitzt ihnen viel tiefer als der Protestantismus im Leibe." (Cotton roots much deeper in them than Protestantism.) As regards unjust suspicions of a leaning to Bonapartism, he wrote from Paris: "I have much of the nature of the duck, which lets the water run off from its feathers, and it is a pretty long way from my scarfskin to my heart." German patience under provocation he characterizes as follows: "We Sons of Teut have to be reduced to dire straits before we get up our spunk; so long as we have anything to lose we are afraid; but no sooner are we stripped and flogged than every one is a lion." For the same reason he wrote to Gerlach that the King ought not to permit any minister to come to the council without half a bottle of champagne in his maw: "Our politics will then take a more worthy tone." Lively descriptions of Bismarck's vacation tours in Russia and southern France serve as a pleasant relief from a surfeit of political discussion and diplomatic intrigue.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Vagabonds. By Margaret L. Woods. Macmillan & Co.

Polly: A Christmas Recollection. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated by A. Castaigne. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Burial of the Guns. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons.

P'tit Matinic', and Other Monotones. By George Wharton Edwards. The Century Co.

The Highway of Sorrow. By Hesba Stretton and * * * * * *. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A Drama in Dutch. By Z. Z. New York: Macmillan.

Sarah: A Survival. By Sydney Christian. Harper & Bros.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. Dodd, Mead & Co.

'THE Vagabonds' is a tale of many merits, none transcendent, but all worthy of attention. The *dramatis personæ* are not altogether rightly named, seeing that all are more or less permanently associated with Stockwell's high-class travelling circus and menagerie, and several are endued with a loyalty of attachment to that motley institution which breasts more conventionally clad sometimes do not feel for anything. It is around the warm-hearted clown, Joe or Joey, and his vicissitudes of fortune in regard to the young wife he has wedded, that interest chiefly centres. Susan, cold to the husband she has taken as protector against a dissolute father, is all too susceptible to the charms of the handsome young German acrobat Fritz; hence the woes that ensue to all three, but mainly, in the end, to the great-hearted little grotesque Joe, who, if he cannot win his wife's affection, nor even, at the last, owing to an overlooked but substantial legal impediment to their union, keep her for himself, manages to preserve the reader's sympathy throughout. Never, one thinks, were vagabonds so well provided with the rudiments of virtue as these. Vulgarians to the core, with the music-halls as the goal of ambition, their record is nevertheless not of fleshly sins. Joe's history is rather of the development of a spiritual nature, born of the throes of wounded love and trampled benevolence. It is in the dreaded "awspital" that this birth is accomplished and Sister Honoria introduced to the plot, if so straightforwardly narrated a story may be said to have a plot. The episode in which Joe and his enemy Fritz are brought face to face with death, by a power beyond the control of either, is by far the strongest in the book. The moonlight, the threatening sea at the base of the sheer cliff, Fritz fleeing from the maddened elephant, and Joe helpless on its back, compose a situation of terror and suspense that is treated with full dramatic effect. Evidently, close and careful study of a peculiar people has gone to the successful making of a story which, sad in the main, is by no means unrelieved by humor.

Mr. Page's publishers have supplied a new example to the old adage concerning fine feathers and fine birds. They have put his short story 'Polly' into a delicate cover of small folio form, and have printed it on paper with a glaze so high that, no matter at what angle the volume is held, it never leaves the print undisputed possession of the field of vision; and they have singled out for these distinctions a heroine who is not of the ilk of fair ones who are worth following under difficulties to the end of their fate. Polly is a young lady belonging south of Mason and Dixon's line; she has a choleric uncle breathing threats of disinheritance from a soft heart; and she has a lover who turns pale whenever he should, and has the facial play proper to his situation. She is also very fond of a drunken negro servant. She displays great variety of complexion herself, clasps her arms freely about her uncle's neck, and sets one wondering what in the world she will find to do with herself when, as in the course of nature she must, she leaves off "tears and sobs and caresses." If it is captious to pick flaws in a "Christmas Recollection," as this story is further entitled, the apology therefor must be lack of a choice. One would fain point out niceties of style and narrative as an offset to lack of substance; but the query is how to do this when the English runs in general about in this wise: "So that although he did not take his degree, he had gotten the start which enabled him to complete his studies during the time he was taking care of his mother, which he did until her death, so that as soon as he was admitted to the bar he made his mark."

Much nearer the usual level of Mr. Page's excellence is the volume which takes its title, 'The Burial of the Guns,' from the second of its six stories. Even at the risk of harping on an ungracious point, it is to be insisted that it is a pity to spoil a really eloquent and moving paragraph, descriptive of the rally of Confederate veterans in Richmond, on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument, with a climax so ill-worded as the following: "Not one of them all but was self-sustaining, sustained by the South, or had ever even for one moment thought in his direst extremity that he would have what was, undone." It would hardly be possible, even for a new Irving with a new *Rip*, to present more humanely or more in the spirit of a literary good Samaritan the remnants of dignity of character left to the battered drunkard who is the hero of this story, "The Gray Jacket of 'No. 4.'" The title-story is, as one surmises, the history of an episode in the surrender of the forces of the Southern Confederacy. It tells well and touchingly of the bravery, loyalty, and spirit of self-sacrifice that animated the followers of that lost cause. "Little Darby," too, reflects qualities of feeling and powers of action and endurance in its personages that amply make their peace with readers of any political dye. The finest skill in portrayal of character has, however, been reserved for "My Cousin Fanny," a sketch in which effective realism, lightened by delicate irony and some very exquisite touches of feeling, has produced a woman's portrait of admirable lifelikeness and finish—always barring the imperfection already indicated.

With the concluding two sketches of the excessively pretty little volume whose title one would rather read than try to pronounce, no offence whatever is to be taken if they are considered solely on their own merits. Although "A Disturber of Faith" is merely a bit of conjuring with some of the stock properties of sensational fiction, the sleight of hand is brisk and up to the mark; while in "Old Grimes's Masterpiece" there is individuality of handling sufficient to wring new pathos from an ancient source of the pathetic. Nevertheless, in both there is offence, and that serious; for both usurp what the reader had fondly and justifiably been deeming the place of others of another nature. Did Mr. Edwards really believe, one asks in one's disappointment, that he had reached the term and limit of his P'tit Matinic' inspiration when he allowed this foreign matter to crowd upon it? Or was it the fatal and deadly haste to get into a volume that prevented the due rounding of its contents? Seldom are nature and human nature more skilfully drawn at once, with word and pencil together, than in these few slight sketches of the wild island and people that fringe the Maine coast. The author's weird adventure on the "Head of Ol' Gull" has in it the element of the hair-breadth that is doubly thrilling where the sea and the semi-savagery of character it breeds are concerned. But a sequel to this beginning of a mystery about a latter-day contraband cave seems an artistic debt no less than the proper meed of the reader's curiosity. The "patriarch's" daughter Polly, too, and the "Prodigal"

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are tantalizingly withdrawn from view as soon as introduced. Recalling the pleasantry and humor that characterize their relatives whom one is allowed to meet face to face here, one is inclined to say that "Thou shalt not rush into covers (however ornamental)" should stand beside "Thou shalt not rush into print" in the literary decalogue.

Miss Stretton states in her preface that she has written her novel in collaboration with a well-known Russian author, now an exile in England, who has supplied her with the outlines of her story, especially with the prison and Siberian incidents, which, he assures her, are founded on facts. For her information about Stundism, its tenets and organization, she acknowledges her indebtedness to an anonymous pamphlet recently published. She frankly announces that her object in writing the story is to make known the sorrows and martyrdom of the Stundists. In view of the fact that Stundism is confined exclusively to the peasants and lower classes, no very complicated plot or delicate psychological analysis of intellectual emotions was to be expected. If the task had been a study of the same sort of religious belief among the upper classes, known as Pashkoffism, it certainly would have been beyond the author's powers, even with the help of the Russian collaborator, whom we may assume to be M. Felix Volkhovsky. In many respects, thanks to him, as she says, the local coloring is very good; but it must be confessed that broad rather than delicate effects are aimed at when a child three months old is represented as trying to say "father," and when other incidents of a similar inaccurate nature are introduced.

The story of the "conversion" of the hero and others from the Russian Church to the "true religion"—that is to say, Stundism, or Protestantism—is well told, but differs little, except in the names of the characters and a few characteristic Russian phrases, from the story of a Methodist revival in an English or American village. "Conversion" from the Ritualistic Anglican Church, the equivalent of the Russian Church, would be discussed in precisely the same tone. The fundamental error in both cases is the un Christian assumption that there can be no true religion, either in faith or in practice, where there are ceremonies of any sort. Every fair-minded person, however, knows that this is false. Though 'The Highway of Sorrow' is not, in itself, sufficiently powerful to produce much commotion outside of a limited circle of non-episcopal readers, it is a popular presentation of a subject which is constantly being referred to. It is, therefore, proper to suggest here, by an example, why the Russian Government "persecutes" Stundists. A couple of years ago a case was reported from the government of Saratoff in southeastern Russia, where a Stundist preacher had announced his power to raise the dead, and had killed a girl of fourteen years of age, with the consent of her parents, in order that he might display his miraculous powers before the congregation. After he had prayed over her for two hours without avail, the parents reported him to the police. He was arrested; and probably he was sent to Siberia, like any other murderer. Those who know the dreadful extremes to which religious frenzy drives the Russian Protestant sects will feel surprised at nothing except at the parents' resort to the police.

The forceful completeness and conscious self-repression of the style are what strikes the reader most agreeably in "Z. Z.'s" story of the Dutch colony in London. There is a certain hardness and coldness about the condensed description of places and states of mind of the actors in the "drama." The effect is to prevent sympathy with Peter van Eijk when his wife deserts him and during the rest of his lonely life; and also with his son's struggles. The delineation of the narrow-minded, self-sufficient Dutch people is so perfect that it rather unfortunately tends to preclude that emotion or affection for any of the characters which is one of the reader's legitimate demands. Pity and impatience possess his mind when he lays down the book, at the too real climax, where the long-suffering Peter not only loses the bride who might have compensated for his past pain, but goes out into the night an exile, leaving his hard-earned fortune to the son (who was stolen from him in babyhood, whom he has never had the happiness to know, even at the last, who is now his rival in love), in order that that son may marry the girl who is dear to him. Dramatic, very well written, on the whole, fresh and strong, 'A Drama in Dutch' will win appreciation, if not great fame, for its author.

Without a tinge of morbidness or trace of cant, the story of 'Sarah' unfolds and comes to perfection, leaving a pleasant sense of the endurance of those homely virtues which are prosaic only to the vulgar and the commonplace. Sprung from a long line of ancestry belonging to that class which not only has made rural England exceedingly fair to look upon, but has been the backbone of the nation, Sarah Thornborough came into a goodly heritage of certain robust qualities which, in the crude stages of her early years, afforded considerable moral exercise to her guardians—a paternal uncle and aunt of stanch Puritan antecedents. "Aunt Rachel" was gifted with that ascetic sense of responsibility—a sort of moral hair shirt—which makes not only the wearer but the special object of concern uncomfortable. "Uncle Dan," who belongs among those rare characters that impress us like a tale of knight-errantry, while their lines of life do not lead to such dizzy heights as make an earnest following seem impossible, inspired the ardent spirit of Sarah with a devotion which served to keep her impatient feet from many a quicksand. Jacob Frant, the farm-steward, shrewd, taciturn, penetrated with Old-Testament poetry and prophecy, bears no small share in the moulding of the heroine's character, and is a lifelike study.

We have had so many descriptions of English country homes where the pursuit of what is grimly styled "sport" is so all-engrossing as to preclude the idea of books forming any essential part of daily living, that the picture of "Meads," where wholesome, homely interests and activities are supplemented by daily companionship with good old English authors, is a welcome change. Between the comfortable elegance of Meads and the crudeness and shabbiness of one of those dreary "villas" which line the monotonously regular roads of suburban London, there would seem to be a great gulf fixed; but the author has bridged it substantially, illustrating in the character who was to become the worthy successor of Daniel Thornborough, the fact that the makings of a man do not necessarily consist in wealth, or leisure, or harmonious surroundings. There is a pleasant change of scene to the romantic Basque country, which Sarah visited in her impetuous, egoistic youth, defiant of sorrow. Years after, when grief had stricken her, the impression made by a chance meeting and a few earnest words led her to return thither in a vague seeking for help, and thus discover the friend who walks beside her when old Jacob Frant, as he leans over his garden gate gazing across the meadow slope, cries out, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning upon her beloved, . . . fair as the moon, clear as the sun?" A modern spirit pervades the book, English traditional prejudices being treated with quiet humor; and the story, strong without being unsavory, shows that inevitable social changes need not prevent the survival of what is good and true.

It begins to look as if the Scotch clergy would soon be as hot for writing fiction as they once were against reading it. If we could think they would all succeed as well as Mr. Crockett and the gentleman who has now come forward to join him under the name of Ian Maclaren, we would only wish that, as a Covenanter would say, all the Lord's people were even as Eldad and Medad. We should also wish, while about it, that Mr. Maclaren had hit upon a happier name for his book. 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' is a title to make most readers run for high ground to get out of the way of a flood of sentimentality; but the first few pages will speedily invite them down again, as to a burn which is often wild and picturesque, but which rarely flows over its banks. The preacher, it is true, sometimes gets the better of the writer, and makes his dourest characters drop into a religious fancifulness which is both unlikely and a little repellent. He has such a talent for simple pathos that it is not surprising to find him occasionally pathetic beyond nature. But, as a rule, he is restrained and gets his effects without any tricks. His Drumtochty people acquire great vividness before they have ceased to move in and out before you in the several groups of loosely related stories which Mr. Maclaren has to tell about them, and fairly vindicate the right of their village to take its place beside Thrums. Many delightful things are said by and of them, and the author's style is usually swift and direct. By such work as this Mr. Maclaren has a better chance of being remembered than he would have had for writing all of the once-famous 'Scotch Sermons.'

RECENT FOLK-LORE PUBLICATIONS.

So thoroughly have the popular tales of most of the States of Europe been collected within the past few years that scholars are now turning to remoter fields for materials to support or confute the various theories of the origin and diffusion of this branch of folk-lore. Indeed, the chief value of one of these theories lies in the importance it attributes to the beliefs of savages as expressed in their tales and customs. The four volumes before us reveal in a striking manner this tendency. One deals with the remotest province of Europe, another is a collection of the lore of a tribe of American Indians, the third is devoted to the examination of a classic legend in its relation to anthropology, and the fourth is an attempt to glean a few fresh ears from a carefully harvested field.

The scope of the first is sufficiently indicated by the title, 'Georgian Folk Tales' (London: David Nutt, "Grimm Library," No. 1). The translation is by Marjory Wardrop, and hers, the translator says, is the first attempt to render into English any part of the varied and interesting secular literature of the Georgian people. The stories here presented are Georgian, Mingrelian, and Gurian, representing the vast majority of the inhabitants of a once independent State. The geographical position of the country renders the study of its popular

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tales especially profitable, as it should have received and preserved the most varied traditions of Europe and Asia. The relation of the tales in the collection before us to those of Russia and Asia is dismissed by the translator with the remark "that the points of resemblance between the following stories and those quoted by the late Mr. Ralston in his well-known 'Russian Folk Tales' are so numerous and so apparent that I have not thought it necessary to refer to them in the notes"; and the Asiatic parallels are limited to an occasional reference to 'Les Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure,' by Carnoy and Nicolaides. It may be said in a general way that the well-known stories of Europe are represented in the volume, and that the specific Oriental element is conspicuous by its absence. New material is small, consisting chiefly of stories belonging in the category of jests and the like. It is also true that the versions are not so regular as those in Grimm, for instance, and that the different episodes are often distorted or misplaced. This is the case in other collections of stories from similar localities where various currents of transmission have met and combined. In spite of all this, the stories have preserved their identity in a way which carries with it the conviction that the fairy-tale is not a chance combination of episodes, but was invented once somewhere and transmitted always in substantially the same form.

The second volume of the "Grimm Library" is 'The Legend of Perseus,' a study of tradition in story, custom, and belief, by E. S. Hartland. As in Mr. Frazer's classic 'Golden Bough,' the author is overwhelmed with the mass of material at his disposal, and ends by weakening the impression he wishes to produce by citing an inordinate number of examples. In works of this kind a large part of the text should, it seems to us, be relegated to the notes, where the geographical distribution of the custom or belief could be sufficiently indicated. Still, Mr. Hartland has produced a most scholarly and fascinating book, and those who have not followed the progress of similar investigations will be startled by its suggestiveness. The first volume is devoted to the incident of the hero's supernatural birth. The forthcoming volume will discuss the "Life-token" (not found in the classical legend), or sympathetic object which indicates the danger or death of the hero, the "Rescue of Andromeda," and the "Quest of the Gorgon's Head." There is an excellent bibliography, and we are promised an index with the concluding volume.

We have had recently a number of interesting collections of Indian Tales, but Mr. C. F. Lummis's 'The Man Who Married the Moon, and Other Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories' (The Century Co.), is easily the most entertaining, if not the most valuable to scholars. The stories are admirably told by the collector. The book furnishes some important parallels to which the collector has omitted all reference. "The Coyote and the Bear," p. 30 (the coyote fishes through the ice with his tail), is the well-known 'Uncle Remus' story (xxv.). "How Mr. Rabbit Lost His Fine Bushy Tail" (for European variants see Gerber's 'Great Russian Animal Tales,' p. 48). "The Race of the Tails," p. 99, is of the same class of stories as "Mr. Rabbit Finds His Match at Last," in 'Uncle Remus,' where the rabbit is outrun by the terrapin: in the Pueblo story the coyote is distanced by the rabbit (see Gerber, p. 68). "Honest Big-Ears," p. 103, where the donkey catches the thievish coyote by pretending to be dead, recalls one of the episodes in the 'Roman de Renard' (see Gerber, p. 47), which occurs in various forms in 'Uncle Remus.' "The Coyote," p. 222, contains the episode of an animal being made to believe that a hill will fall down upon him if he does not support it, also found in African folk-lore (see *South African Folk-Lore Journal*, i., p. 72), and the episode of the reflection of the moon in water being taken for a cheese (also in the 'Roman de Renard,' see Robert, 'Fables inédites,' ii., 298 [Lafontaine, xi., 6], and Schmidt, 'Disciplina Clericalis,' p. 69). Even more significant than these, as bearing on the question of the diffusion of popular tales, is the story entitled "The Man Who Wouldn't Keep Sunday," p. 161, which is a variant of one of the most widespread of European folk-tales (Grimm, No. 107, "The Two Travellers"). Of this there exist a number of Spanish versions, one of which, in the 'Libro de los Gatos,' is as old as the fourteenth century. The story was probably introduced among the Pueblo Indians by the early Spanish discoverers. We have not space to mention all the attractive features of this collection, among which is found the counterpart of the Oriental trick of making a flower, etc., grow in the presence of the spectators. Enough, however, has been said to show that the book deserves to be classed with the best of its kind yet produced in our country.

Mr. Jacobs, after supplementing his 'English Fairy Tales' with 'More English Fairy Tales,' now performs a like service for his second series, and gives the children another charming book—'More Celtic Fairy Tales' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), illustrated by Mr. J. D. Batten in his usual delightful style. This volume, which, the author says, is the last, for the present, devoted to the tales of Great Britain, is made up chiefly of material which has appeared since Mr. Jacobs's latest book on this subject. Although the compiler did not have so large a store to draw from as in the parent volume, the newer seems to us far more readable and amusing. The same method is pursued—the stories are retold and the incidents sometimes altered, but these changes are always mentioned in the notes, and Mr. Jacobs's style has improved under criticism. The notes, as usual, are scholarly, but show signs of haste. In that to the "Legend of Knockgrapton," p. 231, no mention is made of the fact that the story is found in France, Italy, Spain, and Turkey, as well as in Ireland and Japan. There would seem, then, no reasonable doubt that it had been imported into the last-named country from Europe. As to the story of "The Hobyahs" ('More English Fairy Tales,' p.118) having been introduced into the United States from Japan, we have our doubts, although Mr. Jacobs tells us that Japanese influence has been considerable here. The story of "How Cormac MacArt Went to Faery," p. 204, finds a parallel in most of the countries of Europe (an Italian one is in Pitrè, 111, and Gonzenbach, 88, where may be found copious references to other versions by Köhler). It is to be hoped that Mr. Jacobs will now turn his attention to other fields. He has still the whole of the Continent left, to say nothing of the treasures of mediæval lore so little known to English readers.

The Life of Daniel Defoe. By Thomas Wright. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1894.

We have here a biography of one of the most energetic and restlessly active of mortals—merchant, manufacturer, and traveller; politician, polemic, journalist, poet (of a sort), satirist, and novelist; who has left to the world more than two hundred and fifty printed works, large and small, among which are at least two immortal masterpieces; trusted by one ministry, imprisoned and pilloried by another; now living in a noble mansion, now hiding from his creditors, and who (according to his own statement) had been "thirteen times rich and poor." An adequate notice of such a life, with so many enigmas, so many curious interests, and so tangled up in the intricate politics of William's and Anne's reigns, would require almost as many pages as we can afford it sentences. So, having said that this work—despite a singularly disparate style, oscillating between the magniloquent and the jocosely familiar—is full of interest, we pass on to the particular feature which has most amused us, and which, in some sort, implies a criticism of the whole book.

Mr. Wright, in addition to many of the endearing traits of that delightful creature the *gobemouche*, has a positive genius for the discovery of mare's nests, and we could fancy we hear Defoe chuckling in his coffin as he sees his baits confidingly swallowed more than a century and a half after his death. For example: after his 'Crusoe' had been a year before the public, Defoe wrote a third part in which he affirmed that the book was not a mere romance, but an allegory of his own life, in which every adventure of Robinson had a counterpart in reality. Mr. Wright, though he tells us in full how Defoe used Selkirk's papers, and "founded his *Crusoe*" upon that mariner's adventures combined with other narratives, gulps this bait whole. He falls to calculating, and, finding that Crusoe was born twenty-seven years before Defoe, concludes that he has only to add that number of years to any incident in Crusoe's life to fix the date of its prototype in Defoe's. Crusoe sailed from Hull September 1, 1651; Defoe therefore left Newington September 1, 1678. Crusoe was alarmed by savages in the twenty-third year of his residence; this corresponds to Defoe's apprehensions of violence after Sacheverell's trial. As Crusoe visited the north of his island, so Defoe visited Scotland; and as Crusoe returned to his old residence in the south, so Defoe came back to London—and so forth.

But Defoe goes further, and with the utmost gravity declares that he had a real servant named "Friday," "a savage and afterwards a Christian," who was his companion for many years, and at last was taken from him by force, and "died in the hands that took him"; and again Mr. Wright believes every word of it. The questions, where Defoe got his savage, when, why, and by whom he was taken by force, and how it happens that nobody else makes any allusion to so singular a person and his violent abduction, do not trouble our biographer in the least. Nay, he is convinced that this "man Friday," the ex-savage, was the real author of various writings attributed to Defoe: the 'Secret History of the White Staff,' a vindication of Harley's policy, the 'Minutes of Mesnager,' and others. And yet he tells us that Defoe was indebted to Selkirk and Rogers for the idea of "Friday," when he has just assured us that he had for years had the actual "Friday" in his household—a savage who could write political articles in a style not to be distinguished from Defoe's own! If, now, it had been Swift's 'Modest Proposal,' the thing would have borne some color.

Extraordinary as this *gobemoucherie* is, there is a bit that goes beyond it. Defoe, in his 'Serious Reflections,' says: "I have heard of a man that, upon some extraordinary disgust which he took at the unsuitable conversation of some of his nearest relations, . . .

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suddenly resolved never to speak any more. . . . Not all the tears or entreaties of his friends, no, not of his wife and children, could prevail with him to break his silence." And he goes on to say that this strange perversity ruined his family and broke up his home; his children, with the exception of one daughter, left him, as did his wife, who became insane. In this state he persisted for nearly twenty-nine years, when he resumed his speech after an attack of sickness. Now there is probably no mortal in the world, except Mr. Wright, who would dream of applying this literally to Defoe, who does not speak of it as happening to himself, but to another person, and condemns such conduct as insensate cruelty. And even Mr. Wright sees that the features of the dispersion of the family, the insanity of the wife, and the absolute dumbness cannot be made to fit. But Defoe mentions "nearly twenty-nine years," and these, his biographer sees clearly, must be the twenty-eight years Crusoe was on his island. To fix the dates we have only to perform a simple arithmetical problem:

"Crusoe was wrecked on his island (on which he stayed twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days) 30th September, 1659; adding twenty-seven years makes Defoe's life of silence to commence 30th September, 1686; and from this date to the date of the commencement of his great illness, when, as we presume, he resumed his speech, is twenty-eight years, two months and about a half."

From 1686, therefore (three years after his marriage), to 1714, we are assured that Defoe did not speak a word to his wife or family. That none of his numerous hostile critics reproaches him with such unnatural conduct; that his friends and children in their letters never allude to it; that Defoe speaks of his happiest hours having been spent in the bosom of his family, and that his wife's brother, in his will (made just before the close of this "period of silence"), mentions Defoe with respect, and makes his bequest to Defoe's children conditional on their showing the utmost tenderness and affection for their father—all these facts have no weight against the magical number of twenty-eight years.

We are told that the only relic of Defoe (other than MSS.) known to be in existence is his seal. It so happens that we can correct this statement from sources that were not accessible to Mr. Wright. In 1718 Elizabeth Maxwell, daughter of Defoe's sister, being crossed in a love-affair, took the rash step of running away from home and embarking as a "redemptioner" on a ship bound for Philadelphia. On her arrival at that port her services were sold to Andrew Job, a farmer of Cecil County, Maryland, who took her into his household. Here she was kindly treated, and in 1725 she became the wife of Andrew's son Thomas. Now for the first time, when she was respectably settled in life, she communicated with her mother and uncle. Daniel responded in a long letter, telling her that her mother was dead, and sending her at the same time a lot of furniture, partly her mother's and partly his own, among which were two ancient chairs, heirlooms in the family, which had, he said, "descended from their Flemish ancestors," and which he had used in his own study. One of these is now (or was in 1881) in the possession of Elizabeth's descendant, James Trimble, and the other in that of the Delaware Historical Society. Other interesting particulars may be seen in Johnston's 'History of Cecil County,' whence this information is derived.

Wild Animals in Captivity, or Orpheus at the Zoo, and Other Papers. By C. J. Cornish. Macmillan & Co. 1894. Pp. viii, 340. 8vo. Illustrated.

THE publishers present in this volume a reprint of articles which originally appeared in the *Spectator* and other British journals, together with some hitherto unpublished chapters illustrated by admirable photographs of animals from life by Gambier Bolton, with a few reproductions of Japanese drawings of animals. The Bolton photographs, which number a baker's dozen, will be prized by every one interested in wild animals. The best of them have hardly been surpassed in their class. The Japanese sketches, however, are not especially noteworthy, and much better ones might have been selected from the children's story-book of Japanese fairy-tales, printed in Tokio with English text at the instance of Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain.

Apart from the illustrations, the book is not remarkable, being chiefly made up of sketchy papers, based on observations by the author at the Zoölogical Gardens, Regent's Park, London. These articles, while pleasantly written, hardly rise to the dignity of either literature or science, though young people unacquainted with natural history will find in them, stated with sufficient accuracy, numerous facts about animals, birds, and insects which it is well they should know. The only parts of the book which possess any flavor of originality are those which treat of some simple experiments on the susceptibility of various animals to musical sounds, and a discussion of a few points connected with patterns of coloration in animals.

The author, assisted by a violinist and later by a piccolo-player, visited a number of the cages and noted the behavior of their inmates. The tarantula showed no evidence of being affected by music, but a nest of scorpions became violently agitated on the production of high and piercing notes. Snakes, especially the cobras, justified their reputation in Oriental story by marked responsiveness to and apparent interest in the sound of the violin. Most four-footed animals were more or less pleasantly excited by the music; the wolves and jackals, exceptionally, showed strong dislike and fear, partly mingled with curiosity; and the African elephant was evidently dissatisfied with the performance. Discords were universally received with a sudden start and signs of displeasure; all animals except cobras and wolves showed pleasure and curiosity when listening to soft and melancholy music, and all exhibited extreme dislike of loud, harsh sounds. The piccolo, among the instruments tried, met with the least approval, while the flute and violin were better liked. An imitation of bagpipes was enthusiastically received by the orang-outang, a young animal which had at first been much agitated and somewhat alarmed by the violin.

Much more thorough and long-continued observation and experiment would be required to serve as an adequate basis for generalization in regard to this branch of animal æsthetics, but even these preliminary data have an interest, and, as far as they go, accord very well with the popular beliefs in regard to such matters current in the regions from which the respective animals were obtained.

Threescore and Ten Years (1820 to 1890): Recollections. By W. J. Linton. Scribners.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY being a field in which the great successes depend very little on the celebrity of the autobiographer—witness the perennial entertainment furnished by Herbert of Cherbury—we cannot take up a new volume of memoirs without having our eagerness aroused. Knowing something of Mr. Linton's varied past, we expected that his 'Recollections' would be full of interest. In this we have not been wholly disappointed; where they fall short is in their reticence. Mr. Linton is not sufficiently confiding. He gives neither a connected narrative of his own external fortunes and intellectual progress, nor a vivid enough account of many of the eminent men with whom he had relations. At times it seems as if he were bent on making merely a list of all the painters, or all the actors, whom he had known; but, since the purpose of memoirs should be to revivify personalities, and not names, the objection to this method need not be enlarged upon.

We state the shortcoming first in order that we may devote the rest of our space to the points of excellence in the book. Foremost among these is Mr. Linton's frankness: though he may omit to tell us about men whom we wish to hear about, what he does tell he tells with downright candor. Having been a lifelong fighter, and more often than not the champion of lost causes, he has a strong, aggressive style, and an independent way of judging the men and events that he describes.

Mr. Linton's earliest recollection is of hearing the great bell of St. Paul's toll for the death of George III. Shortly after, the funeral procession of Queen Caroline, "the shabbiest notable funeral I ever saw," passed his father's door. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a wood-engraver, and for many years his art and his radical principles took all his time. Chartism engaged his enthusiasm from the start. His reminiscences of Hetherington and the other martyrs to free speech and a free press are as valuable as they are interesting, and will serve to remind the present generation of some of the real grievances against which the English people battled less than sixty years ago. We are apt to take it for granted that freedom of utterance always existed in England, whereas it required long agitation, accompanied by official brutality, to secure its recognition. Mr. Linton's pictures of his fellow-agitators, during the Chartist and other movements, will help historians to fill several gaps; for it is from such a book as this that much important matter concerning the secondary, yet indispensable, workers in a great cause can be derived.

The artistic and literary circle in which Mr. Linton passed much of his early manhood recalls Dickens and his world. Life, we feel, was precarious, so far as ability to pay bills constitutes life. Artists were always waiting for remittances; authors were constantly expecting a visit from the deputy sheriff; yet there was much conviviality, much warm affection, much kindliness and mutual helpfulness. Mr. Linton himself dwelt for several years in the Lake country, where he bought Brantwood, an estate which he subsequently sold to Ruskin. At no time does he allow his personality a freer rein than when he describes his walks through the region which Wordsworth and Coleridge had already immortalized. We could wish that he had been as communicative concerning Mazzini's methods, and the *modus operandi* of the European Republicans, of whom he was, if not a leader, certainly a devoted and trusted lieutenant, as he is concerning a sunrise seen from Scawfell. The human interest far transcends that of a cloud combination fifty years ago.

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Mr. Linton's profession often brought him into relations with Cruikshank, Leech, and other artists. His earnestness in reform and his ability as a writer gained him the acquaintance of politicians and literary men. We have space for only two or three quotations, where many might be made. The first illustrates a side of Carlyle's character which Froude, with his inherent incapacity for telling the truth, so unfairly neglected:

"A young German had become a member of a queer society or community, raw vegetarian and else, located at Alcott House, on Ham Common, near Richmond on Thames. . . . The ways of the society were very much out of the common; but one morning the young German went beyond them: He was found in the garden digging '*mit nodings on.*' The poor fellow was crazy, crazier than the community could stand. Carlyle took charge of the stranger in his own house until friends in Germany could have care of him. Many hard words may be forgiven for such a generously gentle act."

Leigh Hunt Mr. Linton describes as "that most delightful of old men," with whom he passed many an evening while Mrs. Hunt peeled walnuts for them. In Paris, just after the February revolution, he says, "Thiers, a mean old-clothes man in appearance, passed me once, . . . followed immediately by Gen. Cavaignac. I could not repress a wish that the tall, grim soldier would pick up the historic liar and fling the noisome thing to the ground." Margaret Fuller he found "a little plain Yankee woman, . . . plain, but interesting and attractive, whose speech was earnest and to the purpose." "Howitt was a square, sturdily-built, but not large, Quaker, who, when out, generally carried a big stick; the type of the Quaker who would not take up arms, but who, when the ship in which he was a passenger was boarded by an enemy, held out his hands against one of the boarders with the quiet remark, 'Friend! thee hath no business here,' and pushed him off."

The following view of Dickens is worth quoting:

"For all his genius as a novelist, I have always thought that his real vocation was as an actor of low comedy, much as the world might have lost by the change. Warm-hearted and sentimental, but not unselfish, he was not the gentleman. There was no grace of manner, no soul of nobility in him. When he and Wilkie Collins and Wills [the editor of *Household Words*] went out, taking Dickens's doctor with them, to eat 'the most expensive dinner they could get,' it was an action that marked the Amphytrion of the feast, if not the others also. It is an unpleasant anecdote, but it was told me by the doctor himself, who had to prescribe for all three next day. The doctor's fees, of course, would be reckoned as part of the expensiveness of the dinner."

We have drawn from Mr. Linton's reminiscences of the celebrities of the past generation, but the reader of his book will find much about the celebrities, both British and American, of our own time. For Mr. Linton's acquaintance is cosmopolitan and his interests are catholic, and he has an engraver's power of putting much emphasis on a line or stroke.

The English Novel; Being a short sketch of its history from the earliest times to the appearance of 'Waverley.' By Walter Raleigh. Charles Scribner's Sons.

On the cover of this neat little volume are printed the words, "The University Series." The lettering is sunk in the cloth and is of the same dull-red color, as if the author, though resolute to give his offspring the seal of respectability and scholarship, were still reluctant to vex the ghost of his good grandmother. Mr. Raleigh's book is addressed to his pupils, whose intelligence he compliments by confining himself to narrative and critical comment, leaving to them the pleasure of inferential philosophizing and generalization. He thus escapes the narrow, dogmatic air of the average professional instructor of youth, and handles his subject with a freedom and candor which are very agreeable to readers qualified, by age at least, to draw their own conclusions. Full knowledge and clear vision, extending over three centuries and a half, give him an authority which can well afford to dispense with that process, commoner among historians of literature than it should be, the substitution of personal theory and predilection for lucid, connected narrative and unprejudiced statement of facts. Mr. Raleigh's task was to trace the ancient lineage of prose fiction, to reveal its traditions, and particularly to note the master hands by which they have been transmitted, to show its growth in language, scope, and form, and to indicate the relation between it and the essential spirit of successive periods. All this he has done, as a teacher should, in such manner as only a man of literary instinct and discretion could.

This is not the hour when the novel stands in sore need of justification, nor at any time, perhaps, has any modesty been called for from a form of literature that was born with Sir Thomas Malory and brought to perfection by Sir Walter Scott. Such fair and blameless knights are fit to preside with any muse, and able to lend something of their own dignity and worth to their calling, if not to all the bad children who have followed it, for whom they must perforce stand sponsors. Very bad indeed some of these children have been, and among the worst several of Sir Walter's later posterity, with whom, however, Mr. Raleigh has at present nothing to do. Time will settle them, and any mention they may ever get in a "university series" will not be honorable. This verdict of time Mr. Raleigh reads very justly, and shows how it sums up what have been and must continue to be the abiding characteristics of English prose fiction—imaginative treatment of human passion and emotion, and, woven with that (sometimes dominant, sometimes subservient), realistic description of details of life and character, be they commonplace or extraordinary. He also shows, though again inferentially, that through all the long sequence runs a strong moral intention, a desire in one way or another to better and elevate mankind. It may be said that not one English novelist who has utterly failed to set up some ideal of beauty in human conduct has survived his generation.

We have spoken of the author's abstention from intrusion of personal preference; still in *two* instances, at least, that does assert itself. Undoubtedly he loves Henry Fielding and Jane Austen, the extreme expressions of sex in literature. It is perhaps well that the day has arrived when a teacher of literature may say of 'Tom Jones':

"Whether regarded for its art or for its thought, whether treated as detached scenes of the human comedy, as an example of plot architecture, or as an attempt at the solution of certain wide problems of life, no truer, saner book has ever been written."

Recognition and defiance of anxious parents and censors breathe from a subsequent passage:

"Under what precise set of conditions and exactly by what persons he [Fielding] may be read is a question that need trouble no one long. Books are written for those who can understand them; their possible effect on those who cannot is a subject of medical rather than of literary inquiry."

Jane Austen scores another modern masculine victim. Let it be granted that in her sphere she was perfect, but her sphere was contracted; it is absolutely known to women, and the addition of a great literary gift to certain talents possessed by every amusing and popular gossip is not enough to overcome them with awe and ecstasy.

Naples, the City of Parthenope, and Its Environs. By Clara Erskine Clement. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

If there are volumes that it may be unwise to read before seeing Italy, lest they should lay up disappointment for a reader less sensitive than their writer to delicate æsthetic impressions, this is not one of them. Its pages are steeped in fact and the atmosphere that accompanies fact—not in temperament, or the atmosphere that temperament creates and that is art. They record no newly-invented sensations, but they offer a fair portion of the pleasure that may be derived from intelligent commonplace, well-ordered and cheerfully aware of its limitations. The author is laudably concerned with accuracy, and agreeably frank in admitting ignorance of many matters, though in certain instances, notably in that of the seductive ballad poetry of the Neapolitans, she begs off, on the plea of lack of space, from giving information that so large a volume on Naples—over three hundred small octavo pages—can hardly be excused for omitting.

The first two-thirds of the book, though it may be found useful as an epitome of facts and events, is not interesting reading. To have become such, a review of the broken and piecemeal history of the kingdom of Naples and Sicily would have had to be fused, not compiled. Here fact is added to fact without knowledge where to dwell and where to pass lightly. Much more successfully carried out is the part that deals with the life of the swarming, noisy, gesticulating, holiday-loving populace. Their superstitions, their personal habits and public manners are not merely enumerated, but are interpreted with sympathy. A chaotic recollection of the picturesque and pell-mell confusion of what seemed to Clough "the great sinful streets of Naples" may be pleasantly cleared up and set in order by a perusal of this account of them. The fascination of the lottery for the poverty-stricken masses, and the scene of the *tombola*, are graphically described, but the reader will look in vain for a sequel brought down to date of Mme. Mario's revelations in the *Nation* of the horrors of subterranean life, though the conditions of life in the *fondaci*, or tenements, and the disappointing efforts towards improving them, are dwelt on at some length.

Of the descriptions of places along the shores of the charmed bay, that which includes Herculaneum, Vesuvius, and Pompeii is the least satisfactory, that of Capri the most so. An account of the excursion to the summit of Vesuvius is waived with a reference to the guide-book, and a vague allusion to the ascent from Torre dell' Annunziata, so full of the fascinating accompaniments of loneliness and awe, and toilsome intimacy with the weird fields of powdered lava, shifting like warm quicksand beneath the feet of those who avoid the ascent by rail. The failure to produce an even faintly adequate impression of a single feature of Pompeii may be set down to the same archæological insensibility that ignores the collection of sculpture in the magnificent museum. But

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what is told of the open-air life and sights of Capri is sufficient in quality and quantity to furnish a tourist with an excellent travelling outfit of information. The photogravure selected for illustration of the island is of the inevitable steps to Anacapri, a subject which an author ever so little intent on originality should certainly have avoided. The deep-red guard cover to the book has an association that seems to promise the delightful white vellum and gilt tooling of the Italian binders beneath. Although this promise is not realized, no fault is to be found with the *ensemble* of the volume except the lack of a small outline map, which would have made such a practical addition to its value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Rev. J. C. The Leisure of God, and Other Studies in the Spiritual Evolution. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.
Aldrich, Anne R. Gabriel Lusk. C. T. Dillingham & Co.
Barr, Robert. In the Midst of Alarms. 2d ed. F. A. Stokes Co. 75 cents.
Barlow, Jane. The End of Elfintown. Illustrated. Macmillan. $1.50.
Berenson, Bernhard. Lorenzo Lotto: An Essay in Constructive Art Criticism. Putnams. $3.50.
Bingham, Clifton. Tea-Kettle Songs. Raphael Tuck & Sons.
Blair, E. T. Henry of Navarre and the Religious Wars. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.
Brabourne, Lord. The Magic Oak Tree, and Prince Fiderkin. [The Children's Library.] London: Unwin; New York: Macmillan. 75 cents.
Chadwick, Rev. J. W. Old and New Unitarian Belief. Boston: G. H. Ellis. $1 50.
Chamberlain, H. R. 6,000 Tons of Gold. Meadville, Pa.: Flood & Vincent. $1.25.
Doyle, A. C. Beyond the City. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Doyle, A. C. The Parasite. Harpers. $1.
Doyle, A. C. The White Company. Illustrated. Harpers. $1.75.
Egerton, George. Discords. London: John Lane; Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Ferguson, Henry. Essays in American History. James Pott & Co. $1.25.
Ferguson, Prof. Henry. Four Periods in the Life of the Church. James Pott & Co. $1.25.
Firth, Emma M. Stories of Old Greece. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 80 cents.
Göhre, Paul. Three Months in a Workshop: A Practical Study. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners. $1.
Gould, J. M., and Tucker, G. F. The Federal Income Tax Explained. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Graetz, Prof. H. History of the Jews. Vol. IV. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Gulliver's Travels. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.
Hare, A. J. C. The Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Harpers. C. G. The Marches of Wales. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: Scribners. $4.
Harper, Prof. G. McL. Hugo's Hernani. Henry Holt & Co.
Kukula, R., and Trübner, K. Minerva: Jahrbuch der Gelehrten Welt. 1894—1895. Strassburg: K. J. Trübner; New York: Westermann.
Lads and Lassies. Illustrated. Raphael Tuck & Sons.
Lewes, Louis. The Women of Shakspere. London: Hodder Bros.; New York; Putnams. $2.50.
Lewis, E. H. The History of the English Paragraph. *Chicago: University of Chicago Press.*
Mackay, Eric. Love Letters of a Violinist, and Other Poems. Brentano's. $2.50.
Maspero, Prof. G. The Dawn of Civilization. Egypt and Chaldæa. Appletons. $7.50.
McCauley, Fannie M. Tennyson's Elaine. Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. 25 cents.
Payne, F. M. Lessons in Practical Penmanship and Typewriting. Excelsior Publishing House.
Pennell, D. S. Dew-Drops. Philadelphia: W. H. Pile's Sons. 75 cents.
Pennell, D. S. Wavelets. Philadelphia: W. H. Pile's Sons. 65 cents.
Phyfe, W. H. P. 5,000 Words Often Misspelled. Putnams.
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